

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1894.

A CONVERSATION WITH NAPOLEON AT ELBA.

[THE memorandum here following was originally published as a little pamphlet in March 1823, nearly two years after Napoleon's death in May 1821. Long since forgotten and now become extremely rare, its existence has been recalled by a passage in the recently published *MÉMOIRES DU CHANCELIER PASQUIER*. Speaking of Napoleon's efforts in his latter years to saddle Talleyrand with the blame of the Duke d'Enghien's execution the writer says (I. 195), "*Il l'en accusait à l'île d'Elbe, en présence de je ne sais quel Anglais, qui l'a consigné dans une relation de son voyage dans l'île.*" The "*relation*" referred to may be read in the ensuing pages: of the "*je ne sais quel Anglais*," a very few words must now be said.

Hugh Viscount Ebrington, eldest son of Hugh first Earl Fortescue by Hester, daughter of the Right Hon. George Grenville (the Prime Minister), was born in 1783, passed through Eton and Brasenose College, Oxford, and entered Parliament as Member for Barnstaple in 1804. In 1809, having obtained a commission, he was appointed aide-de-camp to Sir Arthur Wellesley, but was prevented from joining him from Gibraltar under the escort of General Venega's Spanish army by its defeat at Almonacid. Before he could reach Sir Arthur the vacant place on the Staff was filled up. He first attracted notice in the House of Commons by his protest against the infliction of the sentence of the pillory on the famous Lord Cochrane in 1814. Napoleon, as we shall see, was aware of this incident or had been told of it for the occasion. Later on Lord Ebrington became known as a leader in the Reform movement of 1830, being selected by Macaulay himself as the head of the independent Reformers in the Commons in September 1831, when the Ministry threatened to resign in consequence of its defeat in the Lords (LORD MACAULAY'S LIFE AND LETTERS, I. 193). In another passage Macaulay speaks of the effect which he

had seen produced in the House "by very rude¹ sentences stammered by such men as Lord Spencer and Lord Ebrington." As another instance of the moral ascendancy which can be gained only by a man of acknowledged courage and uprightness, it may be mentioned that Lord Ebrington once dispersed single-handed a formidable mob of rioters in North Devon, throwing to the ground, without for a moment interrupting his address, a man who presumed to lay hands on him while exhorting them to return peaceably to their homes. For the rest Lord Ebrington having absolutely no gift of speech played his part in silence, though the intimate friend and trusted counsellor of men so highly placed as Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell. He died in 1861.

Enough has now been said to show that Napoleon's interlocutor was a man of perhaps more than ordinary force of character. But what probably made Napoleon specially anxious to create a favourable impression on him was his relationship to Lord Grenville, than whom the dethroned Emperor had no enemy more resolute, nor any whom it might profit him more to conciliate. Be that as it may, the memorandum of the two conversations speaks for itself. It is here given exactly as it stands in the original manuscript, taken down at the earliest opportunity after the second interview; and though written evidently with extreme rapidity, unblotted by a single erasure. "The parts of it which are in French are, as nearly as I could recollect them at the time, the very words used by Napoleon," writes Lord Ebrington in his preface; "and the remainder may be relied on as the genuine substance of what he said to me. Had my memory been better, I might have added much more, but where I felt a doubt of its accuracy on any subject I suppressed that subject altogether." [As a

¹ Of course this does not mean discourteous; the courtesy of both men was proverbial.

matter of fact his memory was remarkably retentive and accurate.] "I have not altered the original MS. lest, in endeavouring to put what was written solely for my own satisfaction and amusement into a form better adapted for the press, I should take away anything from its authenticity."

With such an example before him the present editor has been careful to leave the manuscript untouched. Two or three passages which, as reflecting on persons then living, were suppressed in the printed edition of 1823 are now inserted and appear in print for the first time. These have been distinguished by asterisks. One or two small foot-notes on matters which have fallen obscure have also been added; and with these it seems best that the editor's functions should end.

And now let us carry ourselves back to a December evening in 1814. A young Englishman, unknown except as the nephew of Lord Grenville, and thus kinsman of William Pitt, has seized the opportunity given by the Peace of Paris, to go abroad, and has found himself at Elba. There he has received from General Drouot (Drouot, once a poor baker's son at Nancy, since named by Napoleon himself "*le Sage de la Grande Armée*"), a note to say that his Majesty the Emperor will receive him at eight o'clock. J. W. F.]

MEMORANDUM.

PORTO FERRAJO,

Monday, Dec. 6, 1814.

I went by appointment at eight o'clock in the evening to the palace, and after waiting a few minutes, was shown into the room to Napoleon.

After some questions about myself, my family, &c., he asked eagerly about France, saying, "*Dites-moi franchement, sont-ils contents ?*" I said, "*Comme ça.*" He replied : "They cannot be ; they have been too much humbled by the peace ; they have had a king imposed upon them, and imposed by England. Lord Wellington's appointment must be very galling to the army, as must the great attentions shown him by the King, as if to set his own private feelings up in opposition to those of the country ; *Si Lord Wellington fût venu à Paris comme voyageur, je me serais fait un plaisir de lui témoigner les égards dus à son grand mérite ; mais je n'aurais pas été content que vous le m'envoyassiez comme am-*

bassadeur." The Bourbons were not calculated to be popular with a people like the French. Madame d'Angoulême, he had heard, was plain and awkward. "*Il fallait pour l'ange de la paix du moins une femme spirituelle ou jolie.*" The King and Monsieur were too much influenced by priests. The Duke d'Angoulême, he had been told, was weak, "*et le Duc de Berri a fait dernièrement, à ce que l'on dit, bien des sottises.*" Besides they (the Bourbons), had been the instruments of making a peace on terms to which he (Napoleon) would never have consented ; giving up Belgium, which the nation had been taught to consider as an integral part of the dominions of France, and would never quietly consent to be stripped of. "You had gained enough by the peace in securing the internal quiet of your empire at home, in the recognition of your sovereignty in India, and in having the Bourbons, instead of me, upon the throne. The best thing for England would perhaps have been the partition of France ; but whilst you left her amply the means of being formidable, you have, by what you have taken away, mortified the vanity of every Frenchman, and produced feelings of irritation, which if not employed in foreign contests, must break out into revolution or civil war." He spoke not from what he had heard : "*Car je n'ai de nouvelles que des gazettes, ou ce que m'en disent les voyageurs ; mais je connois bien le caractère Français ; il n'est pas orgueilleux comme l'Anglais, mais il est beaucoup plus glorieux ; la vanité est pour lui le principe de tout, et sa vanité le rend capable de tout entreprendre.*" The Army were naturally attached to him (Napoleon), "*Puisque j'étois leur camarade. J'avois eu des succès avec eux, et ils savioient que je les récompensois bien ; mais ils sentent maintenant qu'ils ne sont rien. Il y a à présent en France 700,000 hommes qui ont porté les armes, et les dernières campagnes n'ont servi qu'à leur montrer combien ils sont supérieurs à tous leurs ennemis. Ils rendent justice à la valeur de vos troupes, mais ils méprisent tout le reste.*"

The Conscription furnished annually 300,000 men, of which he never took above half. No class was exempt; but the higher might get substitutes from the lower, for which they paid 4,000 francs. The common people will now feel that all the soldiery must come from them, without the same bounty or chance of promotion as before. It had, however, been his system, to give every encouragement to such of the superior orders as were willing to serve, and for this purpose he had established corps of a higher description: "*Car je sais que c'est dur pour un gentilhomme d'être mis au lit avec un soldat.*" He was always desirous of bringing forward the old families, and had many young men of the *ancien régime* in his army, who behaved very well. He had also placed several of them about his court, but he was obliged to do it very cautiously: "*Car toutes les fois que je touchois cette corde les esprits frémissaient, comme un cheval à qui on serre trop les rênes.*" He felt that France wanted an aristocracy: "*Mais il fallait pour cela du temps, des souvenirs rattachans à l'histoire. J'ai fait des princes, des ducs, et je leur ai donné de grands biens, mais je ne pouvois en faire de vrais nobles,*" on account of the meanness of their connections. He meant however gradually to have intermarried them with the old nobility, as he had done in some instances: "*Et si les vingt ans que je demandois pour la grandeur de la France n'eussent été accordés, j'aurois toujours fait beaucoup: mais le sort en a disposé autrement.*" The King, he thought, ought to follow the same plan, instead of advancing so much those who, for the last twenty years, have been "*enterrés dans les greniers de Londres.*" He knew that a king might have his friends like another man, and is naturally desirous of rewarding those who have shown an attachment to him; "*mais il faut agir selon les circonstances, et, après tout, Paris vaut bien une messe.*" In England the King may indulge private partiality in the appointment of his court-officers, because there he is only a part of the

Government. "*Le Roi chez vous peut être malade, même un peu fou, et les affaires n'en vont pas moins leur train, puisque ça s'arrange entre le ministère et le parlement;*" but in France the sovereign is the source of everything, and importance is attached to his least actions. "*Il est connu comme dans un palais de cristal, où tous yeux sont tourné vers lui.*"

He considered the House of Peers as the great bulwark of the English constitution, which he thought would be overturned if there were in the country materials for making such another assembly, equal in all respects to the present. "*Mais en France je vous ferois quarante sénats tout aussi bons que celui qu'ils ont.*" On my observing that I thought he laid too much stress on the peerage, he said that, in mentioning the House of Peers, he meant to include the Parliament in general, which he considered as representing, by descent or by election, the heads of the commercial as well as the landed interest, which were what he called the aristocracy of a country. That this aristocracy had enabled the Royal family to get over that affair of the Duke of York,¹ which if it had occurred in France would have been sufficient to shake, if not overturn, the throne. "But John Bull is steady and solid, and attached to ancient establishments, and so different in character from the Frenchman, that there is no bringing the two countries fairly into comparison."

He had read most of the pamphlets published in France since his abdication. "*Il y en a qui m'appellent un traître, un lâche,—mais ce n'est que la vérité qui blesse—les François savent bien que je suis ni traître ni lâche. Le parti le plus sage pour les Bourbons seroit de suivre à mon égard la même règle que j'ai tenue par rapport à eux, de ne pas souffrir qu'on en dise ni bien ni mal.*"

Speaking of the finances of France, he said, "*Tout ce que j'ai fait imprimer sur ce sujet est de l'évangile.*" His civil-list income was 30,000,000 francs, but the expenditure seldom

¹ The scandal concerning Mrs. Clarke.

exceeded 18,000,000, and with that he had finished two or three of the palaces. His table cost 1,000,000 francs. His stable and chasse, including 700 horses, 2,000,000. He had an excellent treasurer, whom he named, but I forget; "*Et je ne souffrais jamais de gaspillage.*" Besides this he had the disposal of the *domaines extraordinaires*, a fund of 200,000,000, out of which he made presents, and rewarded those who distinguished themselves. To my question, "Whence it came," he answered, "*Des contributions de mes ennemis; l'Autriche pour deux paix m'a payé par articles secrets 300,000,000 francs; et le Prusse aussi énormément.*" I asked him whether he had received anything from Russia. He said, "*Non, je n'ai exigé d'elle que de fermer ses ports contre l'Angleterre.*"

I asked him what he thought of the Emperor (Alexander). He said: "*C'est un véritable Grec, on ne peut se fier à lui; il a pourtant de l'instruction et quelques idées libérales dont il a été imbu par un philosophe, La Harpe, qui l'a élevé. Mais il est si léger et si faux, qu'on ne peut savoir si les sentimens qu'il débite résultent vraiment de ses pensées, ou d'une espèce de vanité de se mettre en contraste avec sa position.*" He mentioned as an instance an argument they had upon forms of government, in which Alexander maintained a preference for elective monarchy. His (Napoleon's) opinion was quite contrary, for "Who is fit to be so elected? *Un César, un Alexandre dont on ne trouve pas un par siècle; so that the election must after all be a matter of chance, et la succession vaut sûrement mieux que les dez.*" During the fortnight they were at Tilsit, they dined together nearly every day: "*Mais nous nous levions bientôt de table pour nous débarrasser du Roi de Prusse qui nous ennuyoit. Vers les neuf heures, l'Empereur revenait chez moi en frac prendre le thé, and remained conversing very agreeably on different subjects, for the most part philosophical or political, sometimes till two or three o'clock in the morning.*"

The Emperor Francis, he said, had more honesty but less capacity. "*Je me ferois à lui bien plutôt qu'à l'autre, et s'il me donnait sa parole de faire telle ou telle chose, je serois persuadé qu'au moment de la donner, il aurait l'intention de s'y tenir; mais son esprit est bien borné, point d'énergie, point de caractère.*"

The King of Prussia he called "*un caporal,*" without an idea beyond the dress of a soldier, "*infiniment le plus bête des trois.*" The Archduke Charles was "*un esprit très médiocre,*" who had, however, on some occasions shown himself not to be without military talent.

Speaking of the Russian campaign he said, that when he got to Moscow he considered the business as done; that he was received with open arms by the people on his march, and had innumerable petitions from the peasants praying him to emancipate them from the tyranny of the nobles; that he found the town fully supplied with everything and might perfectly have subsisted his army there through the winter, when in twenty-four hours it was on fire in fifteen places, and the country all round for twelve miles laid waste; "*An event,*" said he, "*on which I could not calculate, as there is not, I believe, a precedent for it in the history of the world. Mais parbleu, il faut avouer que cela a montré du caractère.*"

He then talked over his last campaign and ascribed his ruin entirely to Marmont, to whom he had given some of his best troops and the post of the greatest importance, as a person on whose devotion to him he could most depend: "*For how could I expect to be betrayed by a man whom I had loaded with kindnesses from the time that he was fifteen years old? Had he stood firm I could have driven the Allies out of Paris; and the people there, as well as generally throughout France would have risen in spite of the Senate if they had had a few troops to support them; mais même avec lui les alliés étoient trois contre un, et après sa désertion, avec l'incertitude dans*

laquelle il me mettait, il n'y avait plus d'espoir de succès. J'aurais pu être en ce moment en France, et prolonger peut-être pendant quelques années le combat, mais contre l'Europe réunie je ne pouvais me flatter, dans les circonstances actuelles, de le terminer heureusement. J'ai bientôt pris mon parti, pour éviter à la France une guerre civile, et je me regarde pour mort ; car mourir, ou être ici, c'est la même chose."

He spoke lightly of the talents of his marshals, but having once raised them it had been his system to maintain them. He had always been indulgent respecting military errors, as he showed in not removing Marmont from his command after the loss of his artillery at Laon, which he now believed to have been treachery. He said that Augereau was a "*mauvais sujet*," who, he thought, had made his terms a month before he declared himself. He spoke well of Massena. "*Il s'est, je crois, bien comporté, comme aussi les Maréchaux Soult et Davoust.*" I asked if he was not surprised at Berthier having been among the first to hail the King's arrival. He answered with a smile: "*On m'a dit qu'il a fait quelques sottises de cette espèce ; mais ce n'est pas une tête forte. Je l'avois avancé plus qu'il ne méritoit, puis qu'il m'étoit utile pour la plume. D'ailleurs je vous assure que c'est un bon diable, qui, s'il me voyoit, seroit le premier à me témoigner ses regrets de ce qu'il a fait, les larmes aux yeux.*"

* He spoke of Talleyrand as the greatest of rascals, "*un homme capable de tout*," who had often urged him to have the Bourbons assassinated, or brought off by smugglers while they were in England, and would with as little scruple advise them now to destroy him. He had displaced him from the Ministry for having privately extorted large sums from the Kings of Wurtemberg and Bavaria, but continued occasionally to see him as he knew he enjoyed some consideration at Paris. It was he who first suggested the expedition to Spain by producing an invitation to him from the malcontents there, of

which he urged him to take advantage. On my asking him if he were a man of any superior talents, he said, certainly: "*Mais que voulez-vous d'un homme dépourvu de tout principe, de toute honte, enfin d'un prêtre défroqué, d'un évêque marié et marié avec une putain ?*"

I took occasion to ask what he thought of the King of Spain. He said he was not without natural understanding, but ignorant and bigoted from the faults of his education, which had been left entirely to priests. "*D'ailleurs le caractère le plus dissimulé que j'ai jamais vu.*" He considered Charles the Fourth to be honest and well-intentioned, but with very little capacity. His queen, I think, he called "*une méchante femme* ;" but I do not recollect his saying much about her.

He inquired if I had seen "*le beau Musée que je leur ai donné à Paris*," but expressed some regret at having taken away so many fine things from Italy. "*J'ai été en cela un peu injuste ; mais je ne pensois alors qu'à la France.*" He had meant, however, to acquit his debt one day to Italy, by separating it from the French Empire, and forming it altogether into a separate kingdom for his son. I asked him if the King of Naples (Murat) would not have made an obstacle to this arrangement. He said, "Yes, for the present, but I should have settled that somehow or other by the time my son came of age." He had found the Italians lazy and effeminate ; "*Mais j'ai fini par en faire d'aussi bons soldats que les Français.*" On my naming the Viceroy he said: "*C'est un jeune homme que j'ai toujours traité comme mon fils, et dont j'ai toujours eu lieu de me louer.*" I asked him if he was not a very good officer. He said: "*Oui, il s'est toujours très bien conduit* ; but he is by no means a man of superior talents."

He questioned me a good deal about Milan ; the disposition of the people towards him ; whether the things he had begun there were going on, &c. ; and seemed pleased at my admiration

of the Simplon, which led him to speak of the roads and other public works he had made, or intended to have made, in different parts of the French dominions. Among them he particularly mentioned the dockyards at Antwerp and Venice.

He asked me : "*Que feroit-on avec moi si je venois en Angleterre ? Serois-je lapidé ?*" I replied that he would be perfectly safe there, as the violent feelings which had been excited against him were daily subsiding now that we were no longer at war. He said, smiling, "*Je crois pourtant qu'il y aurait toujours quelque risque de la part de votre mob de Londres.*" I then mentioned to him the odium that some acts of his had produced in England, and instanced the execution of the Duke d'Enghien. He justified it on the score of his being engaged in a treasonable conspiracy, and having made two journeys to Strasburg in disguise, in consequence of which he had been seized and tried by a military commission which sentenced him to be shot. "*On m'a dit qu'il demanda à me parler ; ce qui me toucha, car je savais que c'étoit un jeune homme de cœur et de mérite ; je crois même que je l'aurois peut-être vu ; mais M. de Talleyrand m'en empêcha, disant : N'allez pas vous compromettre avec un Bourbon ; vous ne savez pas ce qui en pourront être les suites ; le vin est tiré, il faut le boire.*" I asked him if it was true that the Duke was shot by torchlight. He replied : "*Eh, non ! cela auroit été contre la loi.*" The execution took place at the usual hour, about eight in the morning ; and I immediately ordered the report of it, with the sentence, to be published in every town in France."

I mentioned the idea that prevailed in England as to the murder of Captain Wright.¹ He did not recollect

¹ Captain Wright was taken prisoner together with Sir Sydney Smith in an attempt to capture the French lugger, *Vengeur*, in the Havre Roads, 17th of April, 1796. He was confined in the Temple, where he committed suicide on the 1st of November, 1805. It was believed in England that he had been first tortured and then murdered, as was currently said of Pichegru, by strangulation. Lord

the name ; but on my saying that he was a companion of Sir Sydney Smith, he said, "*Est-il donc mort en prison ? Car j'ai entièrement oublié la circonstance.*" He scouted the notion of foul play, adding that he had never put any man clandestinely to death or without a trial. "*Ma conscience est sans reproche sur ce point ;* and had I been less sparing of blood perhaps I might not have been here now. But your newspapers charged me also with the death of Pichegru, who strangled himself with his neckcloth."

He then went into an interesting account of Georges' conspiracy ; its discovery by the confession of an apothecary, a *Chouan* ; and a curious conversation which was overheard between Moreau, Pichegru, and Georges, at a house on the Boulevards. It was there settled that Georges should assassinate him (Buonaparte), that Moreau should be First, and Pichegru Second Consul. Georges insisted on being Third ; to which they objected, saying, that any attempt to associate him with the Government would ruin them with the people, as he was known to be a Royalist. On this he said : "*Si ce n'est donc pas pour moi, je suis pour les Bourbons ; et si c'est ni eux ni moi, bleu pour bleu, je voudrais aussitôt que ce fut Bonaparte que vous.*" When this was repeated to Moreau on his examination, he fainted away. "Had I been as sanguinary as I am represented in England," said Napoleon, "I should have put him to death ; but after his being convicted of having connected himself with Georges, whatever influence or popularity he had was at an end." I asked him if he was a man of talent. He said, "None, except as a soldier ; nor would his own disposition ever have led him into political intrigues. *Mais il avait une méchante femme, et une belle-mère forte intrigante, who were the causes of it.*"

He spoke with apparent pleasure of

E. in citing these two cases together with that of the Duke d'Enghien, and of the massacre at Jaffa, uses the stock-in-trade of the English newspapers.

Egypt, and described humorously enough his admission and that of his army to Mahomedanism, on receiving from the men of the law, after many meetings and grave discussions at Cairo, a dispensation from being circumcised, and a permission to drink wine under the condition of their doing a good action after each draught. "You can hardly imagine," said he, "the advantages which I gained in the country from this adoption of their culte."

I mentioned Sir Robert Wilson's statement of his having poisoned his sick. He answered: "*Il y a dans cela quelque fondement de vrai.* Three or four men of the army had the plague; they could not have lived twenty-four hours; I was about to march; I consulted Desgenettes as to the means of removing them; he said that it must be attended with some risk of infection, and would be useless to them as they were past recovery. I then recommended him to give them a dose of opium rather than leave them to the mercy of the Turks. *Il me répondit en forte honnête homme que son métier étoit de guérir et non de tuer;* so the men were left to their fate. Perhaps he was right, though I asked for them what I should under similar circumstances have wished my best friends to have done for me. I have often thought since on this point of *morale* and have conversed on it with others, *et je crois qu'au fond il vaud toujours mieux souffrir qu'un homme finisse sa destinée quelle qu'elle soit.* I judged so afterwards in the case of my friend Duroc, who, when his bowels were falling out before my eyes, repeatedly cried to me to have him put out of his misery. *Je lui dis, je vous plains, mon ami, mais il n'y a pas de remède, il faut souffrir jusqu'à la fin.*"

I then asked him about the massacre of the Turks at Jaffa: he answered: "*C'est vrai,—j'en fis fusiller à peu près deux mille. Vous trouvez cela un peu fort,—mais je leur avois accordé une capitulation à El Arish à condition qu'ils retourneroient chez eux. Ils l'ont rompu et se sont jeté dans Jaffa, où je*

les pris par assaut. Je ne pouvois les emmener prisonniers avec moi, car je manquois de pain, et ils étoient des diables trop dangereux pour les lâcher une seconde fois, de sorte que n'avois d'autre moyen que de les tuer."

This is all that I accurately recollect of this interesting conversation, which lasted from eight till half-past eleven o'clock, as we walked up and down the room. His manner put me quite at my ease almost from the first, and seemed to invite my questions, which he answered upon all subjects without the slightest hesitation, and with a quickness of comprehension and clearness of expression beyond what I ever saw in any other man; nor did he, in the whole course of the conversation, betray either by his countenance or manner a single emotion of resentment or regret.

Wednesday, Dec. 8th, 1814.

As I was embarking to return to Leghorn, an aide-de-camp brought me an invitation to dine with the Emperor, which I accepted. I went at seven o'clock, and soon after dinner was announced. It was plain, but well served, on plate which from its size and substance most probably had been his camp-service. General Drouot dined with us, but did not join in the conversation, and, almost immediately after we went into the next room to coffee, left me alone with Napoleon.

He asked me several questions about the administration of justice, the courts of law and the magistracy of England; answering, at the same time, mine respecting the administration of justice in France, and discussing their comparative merits. From this we got to the two Houses of Parliament, and some of the principal speakers in them, such as Mr. Canning, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Liverpool, Lord Grey and Lord Grenville. He said that he had seen some very good speeches of the latter which gave him a great idea of his talent. He added, "*Lord Grey est aussi un de vos grands orateurs.*" He asked

me about the motion I had made in behalf of Lord Cochrane and said, "*Vous aviez raison ; un homme comme lui ne devoit pas souffrir une peine si infamante.*" But he was astonished that the House of Commons should have allowed one of their own body to be so condemned ; seeming in this, as in our former conversation, to confound the two Houses of Parliament together, and to consider them as the only tribunal for the trial of their own members.

He entered a good deal into the state of parties, and asked if there existed any in England, "*Assez Jacobin pour célébrer comme fête le jour de la mort de Charles I ?*" On my answering that I believed not, but that, on the contrary, some of the Jacobite clergy still read the service appointed for that day as a fast in our liturgy, he said : "*Éh ! mais c'est le contraire de ce que je vous demandois ; car je sais bien que le Jacobite signifie Tory par excellence. Je crois pourtant qu'au fond il n'y a guère parmi vous de vrais Jacobins. Vous avez dans votre Opposition toujours devant les yeux ce prenez garde que vous n'ayez un jour la minorité.*" He at the same time praised our political consistency : "For," said he, "in England, a man who quits his party, is, to a certain extent disgraced, unless he has some good reason to assign for it ; whereas in France, they change sides just as it may suit their present interests, without feeling accountable to any one."

He was surprised at the impolicy of our Government with respect to the Catholics. "*Je crois que le Prince Régent a rompu ses engagements avec eux à cause des intrigues de milord Sidmouth ; c'est un bigot que ce milord Sidmouth. Mais malgré cela, je crois que votre Parlement ne tardera pas longtemps de passer l'acte d'émancipation.*"

He inquired after several persons whom he had seen at Paris during the peace [of Amiens] ; the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord Whitworth, Lord Erskine, Lord Holland ; and a great deal about Mr. Fox, with whom he said he had conversed much : "*Et*

il a été content de moi, n'est-ce pas ?"

I told him that I was not sufficiently acquainted with Mr. Fox to have ever heard him say so, but that I understood he was much flattered by the reception he met with from him, as well as generally in France. He said : "*Il en avoit bien raison ; on l'a reçu partout comme un Dieu, parce qu'on savoit qu'il étoit toujours pour la paix.*" He spoke of his oratory as compared with that of Mr. Pitt ; asked if the former was not more "*dans le genre de Demosthène, et l'autre dans celui de Cicéron ?*" and discussed the two styles as if he was well acquainted with their authors.

He said that it was his wish to have kept the peace of Amiens, but that we chose to break it. He praised, in the highest terms, the late Lord Cornwallis, as a man who, without superior talents was, from his integrity and goodness, an honour to his country. "*C'est là ce que j'appelle la belle race de votre noblesse Anglaise,*" and he wished that he had had some of his stamp in France.¹ He added, that he always knew whether the English Cabinet were sincere in any proposal for peace, by the persons they sent to treat.

I asked him what he thought of Lord Lauderdale.² He said, "He was *assez habile, mais* [with a significant smile] *il n'est pas je crois du vrai genre de votre pure noblesse.*" On my naming Lord Yarmouth, he said : "*Oh ! l'ami de M. Talleyrand, deux bons coquins ensemble. M. Fox n'auroit jamais du l'employer, mais il avoit je*

¹ It may add point to this remark to note that Lord Ebrington was a handsome man, and singularly well-bred in appearance.

² Lord Yarmouth was one of the many Englishmen detained in France by Napoleon after the renewal of the war in 1803. As a personal favour to Fox he was allowed to come to England, and was then utilised by Talleyrand to give Fox semi-official intimation of the Emperor's views for the conclusion of a peace. He was subsequently sent back by the English Cabinet to negotiate further, made rather a mess of things, and was then joined by Lord Lauderdale as fellow-pleni-potentiary. Yarmouth was eventually recalled ; and Lauderdale was acting alone when he finally broke off negotiations, after Fox's death, in the autumn of 1806.

crois lui-même les mœurs un peu légères." I said, "*Pas en politique,*" to which he assented, adding, "*Je crois que si M. Fox eut vécu, nous aurions fait la paix, car la manière dont il a commencé sa correspondance avec M. Talleyrand nous a donné une preuve de sa bonne foi qui a beaucoup plu—vous vous rappelez la circonstance de l'assassin¹—mais ses collègues dans le ministère * n'étoient pas aussi pacifiques que lui.*"

I said, that the impression we had of his views of aggrandisement made many of our statesmen, and Lord Grenville among them, afraid of making peace with him. He replied: "*Vous aviez tort, je ne voulois que de vous rendre justes; je respecte le caractère Anglais, mais je voulois la liberté du commerce et de la mer—les circonstances en me suscitant des guerres m'ont fourni les moyens d'aggrandir mon empire, et je ne les ai pas négligé; mais il me fallait plusieurs années de répos pour tout ce que je voulois faire pour la France—Dites à Lord Grenville qu'il vienne me voir à l'île d'Elbe—I believe you thought, in England, that I was the devil; but now that you have seen France, and seen me, you will probably allow that you have, in some respects, been deceived.*"

I attacked his detention of the English travellers, which he justified on the score of retaliation, for our making prizes at sea before declaration of war. I replied, that this had been in a manner sanctioned by long use. He said, "Yes, to you who gain, but not to others who suffer from it; and if you make new laws of nations, I have a right to do the same. *Je suis sûr que vous croyez en Angleterre qu'au fond j'avois raison, puisque j'ai montré de caractère en ça. Eh! je suis un peu corsaire comme vous autres.*"

I observed to him how much I had been struck with the general state of cultivation in France. He ascribed it chiefly to the division of property produced by the Revolution; but also, in some degree, to the encouragement he

had given to agriculture, which had always been his first object; then manufactures; and thirdly commerce. In England he knew, that from her local situation, the case must be different; but he should think ill of her prosperity, when the interests of the land came to be sacrificed to those of commerce.

He went at some length into his plan for the re-establishment of an aristocracy, by restoring or giving titles of nobility to all who could prove their immediate descent from persons who had served the country in any high office, civil or military; buying estates for them, according to their several degrees of nobility out of the *domaines extraordinaires*, and uniting them by intermarriages with the families of his marshals.

He asked me if I had seen his "*Temple de la Gloire,*" at Paris. He intended it for a very different purpose, having contrived the inside so that it might, with a little alteration, be made into a church, which he should, in some eighteen or twenty years, have dedicated to the expiation of the massacres of the Revolution. "*Mais je me gardai bien de faire connoître ce dessein, car étant nouveau moi-même il me fallait beaucoup de ménagement, et vous êtes je crois la quatrième personne à qui j'en ai parlé. J'attendois pour l'accomplir que le temps disposât de ce qui restoit en France de ceux qui avoient figuré dans ces scènes.*" He spoke of the Church establishment of France which had been entirely his own work; the Revolution having destroyed the old one without substituting anything in its place. "In this," said he, "I had a great advantage, from beginning de nouveau." He thought an establishment essential to every State, to prevent the disorders that might arise from a general indulgence of wild, speculative opinions. "*Nous ne savons d'où nous venons, ce que nous deviendrons;*" but our minds, if not otherwise employed, turn naturally to our own situation; and the mass of the people ought to have some fixed point of faith whereon to rest their thoughts.

¹ Fox, soon after he became Foreign Secretary, had warned Talleyrand by despatch of the discovery of a plot hatched in England to assassinate Napoleon.

"D'ailleurs, pourvu qu'un homme soit un bon sujet, je ne m'embarrasse pas de sa manière de prier Dieu : je suis Catholique parceque mon père l'étoit, et parceque c'étoit la religion de la France." On my observing that there seemed a great indifference generally throughout the country about public worship, he said : "*Eh ! non ; le Français aime bien son curé, sa messe, pourvu toujours qu'il n'aye pas à le payer.*" He had frequently petitions from villages and districts for a parish priest, to which he always assented, "*à condition qu'ils le payeroient ;*" this they as constantly declined. He then inquired into their case and, if he found the request reasonable, gave them the *curé* ; for he always liked to encourage devotion among the people. Not so however in his armies : "*Je ne souffrai pas des prêtres là, car je n'aime point le soldat dévot.*" He also carefully excluded the priesthood from anything like civil jurisdiction ; and therefore enacted that all marriages should be registered in a lay court, making that register the legal proof, without the necessity for any certificate from the priest, or even of any religious ceremony at all, if the parties were content to have it so. He asked if we did not continue to pay tithes in England ; and wondered that Henry the Eighth, when he reformed our Church, did not get rid of them altogether : "*Mais vous lui devez toujours des obligations infinies de ce qu'il a fait.*"

He discussed the policy of France with respect to St. Domingo, and condemned the measures they were adopting, as ill-calculated to promote their views there. He did not object to the abolition of the slave-trade, though he might to a treaty compelling him to it ; but, in his opinion, the best mode of at once tranquillizing and civilizing the Colonies, would be by the encouragement of intermarriages between the whites and blacks ; and for that purpose he would allow every man to have two wives, provided they were of different colours ; so that the children of both, brought up under the same roof, and on the same footing, would, from their

infancy, learn to consider themselves as equal, and in the ties of relationship to forget the distinction of colour. He believed that the origin of polygamy in the East had been derived from the same principle, of uniting nations of different colours and habits, separated by great deserts and rivers, when they came under one government ; and wisely had it been adopted by Mahommed in his law. The Jews acted on a contrary system, from a desire of keeping themselves a distinct nation, and from them is derived our law respecting marriage ; but why should we carry it among people where, from the nature of our relations with them, it can only do us harm ? He went into a deal of argument (which I do not recollect) in support of his opinion, but added : "I do not tell you that I should have been able to carry it into effect ; it was perhaps too great an innovation for a sovereign, *nouveau comme moi*, singly to attempt ; but I am persuaded that if it could be adopted throughout the Colonies generally, it would produce the most beneficial results."

He asked how our affairs went on in America : "*Comment font-ils pour vous battre sur la mer ?*" I answered, that their frigates were of a larger size and more fully manned. He said with a smile, "*Mais c'est toujours vrai qu'ils vous battent.*" He entered into some discussion on the grounds of the war, and concluded : "You had better make peace ; you will gain more by trading with them than by burning their towns ; besides your state of war at this time weakens your influence at the Congress [of Vienna]."

He inquired kindly after "*mon bon ami Usher*," and spoke with great admiration of our discipline and skill in the management of our ships : "*Si j'étois resté en France, j'aurois aussi avec le temps eu une marine ; je ne dis pas qu'il auroit battu la votre, mais j'en aurois pourtant eu.*"

On my expressing my surprise at the admirable *sang-froid* with which he bore the change of his situation, he said : "*C'est que tout le monde en a été, je crois, plus étonné que moi : je*

n'ai pas une trop bonne opinion des hommes, et je me suis toujours méfié de la fortune : d'ailleurs j'ai peu joué : mes frères ont été beaucoup plus rois que moi. They have had the enjoyments of royalty, whilst I have had little but its fatigues." He asked me if I knew his brother Lucien, and what success his poem had had? said he was a clever man, but doubted his understanding sufficiently the "*finesses*" of the French language for an epic poet. "*C'est de tous mes frères celui qui a le plus de talent ; mais c'est un homme qui n'a fait beaucoup de mal ; son mariage étoit pour moi, qui vouloit fonder une dynastie, une chose terrible—d'aller se marier avec une femme du peuple, une jolie femme de Paris, etc.*" He had done everything to prevent it ; "*mais il a toujours eu un travers pour les femmes.*"

Speaking of some of the events of the last campaign, he said, that on the allies crossing the Rhine, he had urged the Senate to decree that no peace should be made whilst the enemy was within the territory of France. "*Cela auroit donné de la confiance au peuple qui commençoit à se soulever contre les alliés—c'étoit là le moment de montrer du caractère—les Romains furent souvent vainqueurs, mais ils ne furent jamais si grands qu'après la bataille de Cannes. A Parliament like that of England would have done so, mais le Sénat n'en eu pas le courage. They began à me chicaner sur des misères, which had been matter of dispute between us. Ils se disoient : L'Empereur n'est pas comme les autres hommes, il ne se plaît qu'à la guerre, il hait le repos, les plaisirs, les femmes. This was by no means the case : I enjoyed my pleasures like another man, when I had time for them. J'ai eu deux femmes—vous savez l'histoire de mon divorce."* He believed there could hardly be found an example of another grounded so exclusively on public motives, "*Et dans l'amitié la plus parfaite. J'ai depuis épousé une jeune princesse, d'un âge un peu disconvenable à la mienne ; mais personne, je crois, ne doute qu'elle ne me soit beaucoup attachée. J'ai aussi eu des maîtresses qui*

m'ont bien aimé ; mais je n'ai jamais eu une maîtresse en titre, et je ne me suis jamais laissé gouverner par une femme."

Some of the old Republicans, among whom, I think, he named Cambacérès, remonstrated with him against his marriage, lest the niece of Marie Antoinette should indulge a spirit of revenge against those who had been instrumental to her aunt's death. He answered them : "*Rassurez-vous, mes amis, je l'épouserai : mais je vous promets bien qu'elle ne me gouvernera pas. Ma femme qui est une personne d'un bon sens excellent, a parfaitement entrée dans mes vues sur ce point, en leur faisant à tous l'accueil le plus gracieux.*"

He asked me about my intended stay in Italy, the places I proposed visiting, &c. On my mentioning Naples, he said : "*Vous verrez donc sûrement le Roi de Naples—c'est un bon militaire ; c'est un des plus brillants hommes que j'ai jamais vu sur un champ de bataille. Pas d'un talent supérieur, sans beaucoup de courage moral, assez timide même pour le plan des opérations—mais le moment qu'il voyoit l'ennemi, tout cela disparaissoit—c'étoit alors le coup d'ail le plus rapide, une valeur vraiment chevaleresque. D'ailleurs un bel homme, grand, bien mis, et avec beaucoup de soin : quelque fois un peu fantasquement. Enfin un magnifique Lazzarone."* I asked if he did not make a fine charge with the cavalry at the battle of Leipsic, on the first day. He replied : "*Parbleu, il les menoit toujours même trop bien, il les faisoit trop tuer—et toujours en avant lui-même. C'étoit vraiment un superbe spectacle de le voir dans les combats à la tête de la cavalerie."*

He showed more animation in speaking on this than on any other topic in the whole course of conversation, and seemed quite to dwell on it with pleasure. He said, "*Vous verrez aussi la reine ; c'est une belle personne et très-fine."*

He then asked me how long I proposed remaining at Elba ; offered me a horse out of his stables to ride about the island ; and at a little past eleven o'clock dismissed me.

POETÆ MEDIOCRES.¹

I HAVE borrowed the title of my address from a famous and often quoted passage in the *ARS POETICA* of Horace, where he asserts that there is practically no room in nature for mediocre poetry. His exact statement, as you will remember, is that neither men nor gods nor even booksellers can tolerate such a thing. If poetry is not good, he says, it is not wanted, —a large assertion, it must be admitted, and of course only to be understood as Horace himself understood it. And his *Treatise on Poetry* is on a very different scale, and written from a very different point of view, from that which a modern critic would adopt. For the Latin poet, like his imitators, Boileau and Pope, deals rather with questions of good taste in the writer of verse, —with what the critics of the last century called "correctness" —than with the subject-matter of the poetry, the writer's gifts of thought or imagination. The "mediocrity" he denounces is mediocrity of treatment, mediocrity in the cookery rather than in the meat. Of course there is much admirable sense and keen critical insight in Horace's treatise, and many of his warnings are still sadly needed. When he forbids the dramatic poet to let Medea murder her children in the presence of the audience, he speaks a text from which sermons against modern sensationalism and a brutality of realism might still be advantageously preached; for after two thousand years there are still plenty of young ladies and gentlemen who have no idea that to horrify and to disgust is not legitimate and praiseworthy art. But passing this and other admirable advice of the Roman poet by, the words I have chosen may serve to

open our inquiry (a most difficult and delicate one) as to the qualities which distinguish true poetry from spurious. We are to inquire what is that quality in poetry which preserves it from expiring with the generation that called it into being. What is the "antiseptic," to borrow Mr. Lowell's well-known metaphor, which will keep verse from decaying? Or, in yet another form of words, what is it that causes poetry to become classical, and its author a classic? For I assume that we shall none of us differ as to the definition of classical. I assume that when we speak of an English literary work as classical, we mean that it belongs to a *class*, —the class of those which the people speaking the same language have agreed, through succeeding generations, are worthy to live and to be read and admired by each generation in turn. "Classics" are the reputations that have survived. Is it possible to detect and fix the exact reasons for their survival? In the matter of reputations acquired in our own day is it possible to predict with any certainty which of these will endure, and which will perish? A large question, I admit; and we will at least on this occasion confine its discussion to a single literary form, —to poetry.

And the present moment provides a convenient opportunity for such inquiry, for not often, —even in that memorable lyrical outburst of the Elizabethan and early Stuart periods, when England was (as some one has called it) a "nest of singing birds"; or in that later, so-called "Augustan," period of our literature, the age of the "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease" —has there been seen such a crowd of lyrical poets, possessing real metrical skill and dexterity, as at the present juncture. It is true that there are no longer with us any dominant

¹ A lecture delivered at University College, Bristol, at the opening of the session, 1894-95.

names, such as Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, which by general consent were recognized as supreme; but just as if poetry, like some great state office, could somehow be "put in commission," the poetical headship seems at present to be distributed among a number, no one of whom can be dogmatically named as first or chief. Now it is impossible, or at least most unadvisable, to refer to those volumes of poems, or their authors, by name. They are indeed, as the advertisements say, "too numerous to mention." But those whose eye wanders over the columns of our literary journals will recognize the general description. They much affect publishers of their own. My friends, Messrs. Buckram and Gylding, of Barbican, are, I think, much in request with them. They begin, as Trades Unions say, by "limiting the output." They announce a moderate and final number of copies, whether in order to obtain, like the Sibylline books, a peculiar and almost sacred value from their scarcity, or in order to tempt the breathless purchaser to rush to the shop lest his last chance should be gone, does not seem to be quite ascertainable. Other sources of attraction are largely drawn upon,—fantastic bindings, outlandish paper, shapes and sizes and colours not familiar to the vulgar book-buying world; all these peculiarities have almost ceased to be peculiar. For, as I have said, the kind is now becoming common enough. Not that these volumes often meet us upon our friends' tables. We read their titles in the advertisements, and we find reviews of them in the daily and weekly Press. And it is indeed mainly, I think, to the praise bestowed on them in these reviews that their reputation is due. With one or two notable exceptions that will occur to every one, the poets and poetry of the present day do not seem to be widely read. We do not encounter these volumes in our goings to and fro; they are not much talked about in society,—even that society which takes

a serious interest in poetry. They do not apparently pass into many editions. We read an enthusiastic notice, perhaps, of a new volume of poetry in two or three leading literary journals; but little seems to come of it. To all appearances the reviews produce no effect. We do not buy the volume; as time rolls on none of our friends seem to have heard of it. It does not get talked about, and there the matter seems to end. Why is this? One explanation of the matter is frequently offered. This generation, it is often said, is hopelessly unpoetical. To offer it a new volume of poems, however choice, is to cast pearls before swine. And if this explanation be sound, it is certainly a noteworthy fact that hardly ever should there have been such a plentiful supply in return for so feeble a demand.

But is this a sound and true explanation? I confess I doubt it. Of course there is now, as always, a large proportion of educated and refined persons, not without literary likings in other directions, to whom even the best poetry makes little or no appeal. There are those (besides poor Audrey) whom "the gods have not made poetical," just as there are those who are not musical, to whom good poetry and bad are alike indifferent. But there are no signs that this latter class is larger now than at other periods of our history; and no signs that the past masters in the poetic art are less read, quoted, and loved. In our best prose literature, in the speeches of our great statesmen, in our journalism, in our familiar converse, there is abundant evidence that Shakespeare and Milton, Shelley and Keats, Wordsworth and Coleridge are as familiar, as much "household words," as ever they were. If so, it must be attributed to some other cause that new poetry, often announced as of the very highest class, fails to awaken interest or even attract attention. And there seems reason for thinking that one cause lies in the different standards as to what constitutes poetic

excellence adopted by the professional critics of our day and by the general reader. For, though at a first glance it is a startling conclusion, it would seem that the general lover of poetry is more fastidious, less easily pleased, in the matter of his favourite literature than the accredited judge and critic whose business it is to decide upon the merits of each new comer. This may seem so strange a paradox that I must be allowed, since it bears directly upon my subject, to explain myself further.

Readers of the literary reviews or journals of to-day cannot fail to be struck with a curious lack of moderation, or perhaps proportion, in the criticism of new books, especially works of imagination. It must be presumed that the critic of a new poet comes to his task with certain standards of excellence present to his own mind, and that he refers, whether consciously or not, the new poems to these. When, therefore, he pronounces a new poem admirable, superb, exquisite, consummate, likely to last as long as our literature, and so forth, can we imagine that the critic has clearly present to his mind, when he uses these terms, the lyrical and other masterpieces of former days?—let us say, for instance, the lyrics of Waller and Lovelace, the love-songs of Burns and Heine, the deathless odes of Shelley and Keats; or, are we to suppose that the critic uses a movable standard; that sometimes he compares a new poet with the best, and sometimes contrasts him with the worst; and that when he applies to some new volume of verse such epithets as these just enumerated, he does not always mean as compared with our recognized poetical classics, but as compared with the usual level of poetic mediocrity? And what we have a right, it seems to me, to ask of the professional critic is that he shall let us know this,—that he shall take such a line, or use such language, as will assure us, before we buy a new book on his recommendation, by which of

these two standards he means it to be judged. There is a homely proverb which should remind us that the standard is everything,—the proverb which affirms that among the blind the one-eyed man is king. For at present laudatory epithets are so common, and seem to be used with so little discrimination or reserve, that in time they begin to pall; and after turning to many fresh volumes of verse of which such language has been used,—language that we had been accustomed to apply to the famous masterpieces of our lyric literature—we have found our faith in criticism shaken. It is the reverse of the precedent set up by Æsop's shepherd-boy. He cried "Wolf! wolf!" until no one believed him. The critic I have in my eye calls out "Lamb! lamb!" (or whatever is the proper antithesis to wolf), until he is met with a similar incredulity. Perhaps I was hasty in speaking of this practice as specially belonging to our own day. There is nothing to me more pathetic of its kind than to take up some book published, say, thirty or forty years ago, and to read through the publisher's advertisements at the end with the "Opinions of the Press" thereto appended. There I have often read words of praise quite as ecstatic as those I have just demurred to, and behold, the thirty or forty years have passed, and the book and the author are alike forgotten! Indeed, when one comes to remember, the same anomaly existed, and was objected to, fifty years ago in the United States of America. In that admirable satire, the *FABLE FOR THE CRITICS*, Mr. Lowell has some trenchant lines on the subject. He has been complaining of a similar want of moderation in the critics of that day, and he remarks with perfect justice:

There is one inconvenience in all this,
 which lies
 In the fact that by contrast we estimate size;
 And where there are none except Titans,
 great stature

Is only the normal proceeding of Nature—
 What puff the strained sails of your praise
 will you furl at, if
 The calmest degree that you know is
superlative?

Yes; this last couplet really puts the matter in a nutshell. If the lowest praise you administer is "superlative," what praise is left for the giants of the art? If "supreme" and "consummate" and "exquisite," and the like, are sprinkled over the dish as from a pepper-castor, what is left to apply to Shakespeare and Spenser, Milton, Gray, Keats, Shelley?

Well, I think one reason for the special form of this malady to-day is worthy at least of respect. It may be in part due to a reaction against the unfortunate treatment which poets of real distinction,—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Tennyson—received on their first appearance from the critics of their day. It is fresh in our memories how the leading reviews spoke of Wordsworth's early volumes; how the "Ancient Mariner" was all but ridiculed out of existence; how Keats was in danger at least of being "snuffed out by an article"; and how even Tennyson had to run the gauntlet of derisive criticism in 1833, and even long after. All these poets, who have since taken their assured place among the immortals, were the objects of virulent ridicule; but now "the whirligig of time has brought about its revenges," and it is the critic not the poet who hangs up against the barn-door "*pour décourager les autres.*" And it seems likely that much at least of the profuse recognition that nowadays often attends the first appearance of a new poet, is due to a certain fear on the part of the critic, lest he, too, should prove, in the end, to have failed in discernment, lest he, too, should come to be censured for not having recognized the new genius as it dawned above the horizon. If praise should prove in the long run to have been undeserved, it will not do much harm, for the praise and the thing praised will alike have passed out of men's

recollection; but if censure, or failure to praise, turn out to have been wrong, then the very success of the poet will keep alive the failure of the critic, so that, maybe, it is thought safest to reverse Mrs. Malaprop's famous advice, and not to "begin with a little aversion." Perhaps, too, a certain growing humanitarianism of our time, which shrinks from inflicting or tolerating pain for any reason whatever, is at work also in this field. It is sometimes laid down as a critical axiom, that criticism, to be worth anything, should be "sympathetic," which means, I suppose, that, adapting Wordsworth's famous lines, we are first to love the new poet before we shall discover anything in him worth loving. Yet this would seem to be beside the mark. A reviewer taking up a new volume of poetry should expect nothing; and then not only will he, according to the most true proverb, "not be disappointed," but he will approach his task in an absolutely impartial frame of mind.

We must have noticed, as another sign that our hearts are being cultivated at the expense of our heads, that even the famous case of Macaulay *versus* Robert Montgomery is now sometimes cited as one of undue and gross unfairness, or at least want of Christian charity. But it should be remembered that in that memorable onslaught it was the critics of that day whom the essayist specially condemned. The point of Macaulay's criticism was that here was an absolutely worthless poetaster, who had been written into fame and popularity by the combined efforts of the reviewers of that day. Macaulay again and again returns to this contention, that it was "by means of puffing" that Montgomery had obtained recognition. It is after citing a passage ending with,

Creation shudders with sublime dismay,
 And in a blazing tempest whirls away—

that the reviewer exclaims, "And this is fine poetry! This is what ranks its

writer with the master-spirits of the age! This is what has been described over and over again, in terms which would require some qualification if used respecting 'Paradise Lost'! Now, some might complain that Macaulay was here over-stating the case as against the critics. In any generation there will always be a public to admire poets of the Montgomery stamp. But the responsibility of the professional critics is not lessened by this fact, but rather increased. When the public taste is low, or ignorant, or undecided as to what is good and bad, all the more are the custodians of taste to blame who neglect their first duty, which is to lead, and not to follow. And Macaulay, in my judgment, was faithful to his calling in entering his brilliant protest, even though it was inevitable that he should give pain in the process.

Well, things have changed in many ways since Macaulay wrote. It is "sixty years since"; new schools of poetry have risen; Keats's fame, and Wordsworth's, and Shelley's have ripened and diffused in the interval. The influence of the verse of Campbell and Rogers has disappeared; even that of Byron has perceptibly weakened, and new masters in the art, notably Tennyson and Browning, Swinburne, William Morris, and Rossetti, have "swum into our ken." The accepted models and types of contemporary verse are widely different from those which satisfied our grandfathers. And as the forms of excellence have changed, so have those of mediocrity. There is not much fear that mediocrity of the type of Robert Montgomery's should often need serious repression, or that it would not at once meet with such, if it appeared. It is not grotesque mediocrity which seems likely nowadays to deceive the elect, or even the non-elect. If there is a counterfeit poetry now in circulation, it is of a wholly different mintage. Any one can detect and nail to the counter such spurious money as Macaulay denounced. The later coinages are

far better imitations of the genuine thing. Many, indeed, are on the surface of them very like the real thing: the face is as bright, sometimes brighter than 18-carat gold; the cutting of the die seems perfect, the impression skilfully taken, the milling unexceptionable. It is only when weighed in the hand by some one familiar with the genuine coin that its weight is felt to be deficient; only when struck against some strong, hard surface that its ring is perceived to be false. Or, dropping metaphor, we may say that we need the critics of our day, not so much to detect poetical charlatans, as to point out clearly the distinction between first and second rate in poetry, between mediocrity and excellence, where the mimicry of the latter by the former is often so excellent that exceedingly skilful workmanship is liable to be accepted, and to be extolled as poetry of the first order. It is here, I venture to think, that the critics of the day have a task before them of real importance, and one which they too often fail to perform.

No one, I am sure, will regret that the days of "slashing" criticism should have passed away. And, as I have said, it is perhaps in reaction against that species that the present amiable and even gushing season should have set in. But there is doubtless yet another cause at work. The slashing critics in days gone by are now generally admitted to have often made bad mistakes, and their various attempts to gibbet some new-found poet in many cases only succeeded (after the precedent of the classic street drama of PUNCH) in placing the head of Jack Ketch himself into the noose. Now I am far from saying that there is not something to be alleged in extenuation of the critic's conduct in such cases. A new poet of genius is often himself in part responsible for the kind of welcome he receives. Not only is a new creative genius a severe blow and a stumbling-block to the ideas of his day; not only has

he, in Coleridge's words, to create the very taste by which himself is to be enjoyed, but he is often at starting crude, extravagant, and unequal; and a critic would not be a critic if he did not seize upon those parts first and with keenest appetite. But still, when later the new star has risen into the poetical heaven and is recognized in his full glory, it is no doubt disagreeable for the critic, who would give much if he had never spoken. And perhaps it is with a full recollection of these failures in the past that the critic of to-day is nervous lest he should sentence the wrong man, or lest he should be found afterwards to have, not "entertained," but on the contrary shut the door against, "angels unawares." Perhaps too (but this is mere conjecture) the critics are themselves in some cases poets, and on brotherly terms with the poet criticized; and as with the fabled village, where the poor inhabitants were reduced to earn a scanty livelihood by taking in one another's washing, so these may perhaps, in the absence of a large market for their wares, be similarly constrained to review one another's poems. I repeat that this is mere conjecture thrown out for discussion, but it might account both for the phenomenon of such abundant verse in our time, and for the geniality and kindliness of the critics.

For it is a noteworthy fact that the rapidly increasing number of new books, not of poetry only, at the present hour is accompanied by a diminution, not an increase, of critical severity. One would have supposed that at such a period,—when, to adapt the proverb of the wood and the trees, one can hardly see literature for the books—the critical standard would rise; that the critic would show himself more, not less, exacting, and would be more careful, in the interest of the reader, to emphasize the distinction between the excellent and the mediocre. Yet no one can read much of the current periodical criticism without noting that it is rather the oppo-

site that is happening. While it is an obvious and undeniable fact that the manufacture of books, as distinguished from authorship, exists on an enormous scale, yet apparently the average critic becomes more easy to please, not less, than of old; as if he cried in sheer despair to the makers of books, "Well, if you can't rise to my standard, I must come down to yours"; and hardly six months pass without some prose romance appearing, by some fresh writer, and being received with such a chorus of welcome and such hecatombs of praise as (to borrow Macaulay's phrase) would require some modification, if applied to the masterpieces of Walter Scott,—to *OLD MORTALITY* or *THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN*. Now, as I have said, no one wishes for a return of the criticism called slashing, but what I do think the intelligent reader often sighs for, is some criticism that may be called discriminating; and if the value of such in literature of whatever kind is great, it is surely greatest where the literature in question is poetry, in which Horace has told us,—and the cultivated sense of mankind has ratified his words—"mediocrity is not admissible." And as to poetry, we are not asking for more severity or ridicule from the critic, but only more moderation and a truer sense of gradation. "In nothing," said Matthew Arnold, and there will be few qualified to judge but will agree with him, "in nothing is England more glorious than in her poetry." From Chaucer to Tennyson we have indeed a glorious and a precious succession, to read, to admire, to be proud of, and to profit by, for who shall estimate the enormous influence of its great poets in the education of a people, both as their teachers and as the imparters of intense and lofty and enduring delight. And if so, it must surely be of primary importance, in the interest of that education, that we keep our sense pure and unsophisticated as to what is poetry and what is not.

I remember some months ago, when

a question was raised akin to that we are here discussing, as to the merits of certain minor poets, that one of these, or his champion (I forget which) demurred to the too exacting criticism which poetry had to face in these days from the general public. He said it was most unfair of persons always to use the word poetry as if it must only mean the best poetry. I cite the remark both for its *naïveté* and because the test it demurs to is really that of Horace in our text. For Horace, in fact, adopts the same test. He avers that, when we speak of poetry, we ought to mean the best, because mediocrity in that article is not poetry at all. Now, as to the poetry of the past, the critics indeed have often made mistakes, and disastrous ones; but there is one critic who, if only we are patient with him, never makes a mistake,—and that critic is Time. There is no judge known to men who is absolutely to be trusted but he. It is Time who separates the wheat from the tares, the good wheat from the inferior, the true grain from the best imitation, and sends the good and the valuable sailing along his stream, while the worthless is submerged in the depths below for ever. And that which survives men have agreed to call “classic.” Poetry so named is poetry which has survived all changes of manners, tastes, and fashions, and is read with delight and profit in each succeeding age. Of course this definition must not be construed too literally. The worthless may survive also, in the form of paper and print, in the sense that worthless books may be found treasured in libraries; but the “classic” work lives on in another sense, in the sense that it is still read, and not only by students; that it has interest for the intelligent and cultivated in every fresh generation; that it is read, and re-read and quoted, and has thus found its way, as it were, into the life-blood of man’s intellectual being; that it has contributed largely to the stock of human interests, in knowledge, in

thought or in stimulating thought, in awakening sympathy, in touching the heart, or in other of the myriad ways that concern humanity. Each of the writers who has done one or other of these things has had his little school of imitators, trying to repeat what he has done and share his glory; but these, if merely imitators, live for a while, obtaining a certain vogue, the vogue of a reflected light, and then Time lifts his hand, and says, “You may go; you are no longer wanted. You are mimics, and the world,—the permanent world—desires no mimicry in its literature; it wants the real thing.” And so the original men,—the men who have brought something new, something of their own—survive, and the copyists pass away. “They have their day and cease to be.”

Mr. Theodore Watts not long ago in *THE ATHENÆUM* took occasion to make some general observations on the duration of the average poet’s fame. He describes himself as one of those “cheery pessimists” who believe that “the time is gone by when English poets, save a very few, need hope to write for any other generation than their own.” And he goes on to cite, with an explicitness that seems a little harsh, the names of several who, writing within the memory of persons still living, were “boomed” (the expression is his own), lived their little life and died, and are now forgotten. But Mr. Watts forgets (I venture to think) that the same phenomenon belongs to every age, not merely to our own. He says “the time has gone by when English poets, save a few, need hope to write” for posterity. But has not this always been so, and has not the word “classic” been coined just in order to describe these few? Nor is it quite easy to gather from Mr. Watts’s language on whom he lays the responsibility for this, whether on the general reader, or on the critic. At one moment he seems to blame the former, at another the latter. For example, he writes:

"From the latest romantic revival of Rossetti, Mr. William Morris, and Mr. Swinburne, down to the present moment, a mass of true poetry has been produced which in quality far surpasses all the poetry that the eighteenth century produced between the time of Pope and the time of Wordsworth and Coleridge; but where is the room for it?" Here Mr. Watts is apparently censuring the general reader for this unfortunate apathy. But can we quite assent to his premises? The period of the last century which he indicates produced, among others, Thomson, Gray, Collins, Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns; and it is at least staggering to be told that the new poets of the last thirty years,—for Mr. Watts obviously does not include the great poets surviving from the previous generation—far surpass all these in quality! Yet at another moment Mr. Watts seems to hold the critics liable for having inflated the reputation of these poets, and lifted them into an undeserved popularity. He uses the ugly word "boomed," and otherwise appears to suggest, in certain sarcastic phrases, that those who are styled "the greatest poets of the age" are forgotten in five years, if they die or cease to write. He seems in this to "halt between two opinions"; and indeed so acute an observer must of necessity feel that the whole truth is not told, even when we have dwelt both upon the fickleness of the public taste and the incompetence of the reviewers.

For all this time, as it seems to me, the real issue has been avoided. If the last thirty years has produced poetry far more worthy to live than all the poetry between Pope and Wordsworth, and yet "there is no room for it," it must be the public, not the critics, who are answerable for the neglect of it; and, if so, what is the secret of this inconsistency? Why do men still read and quote Gray, and Cowper, and Goldsmith, and yet perversely neglect the far superior poetry of 1860-90? Can

it be that we are all slaves to a name, and only pretend to admire the poets of a hundred years since, because lapse of time has elevated them into classics? Yet Mr. Watts holds out no hope that the "whirligig of time" will redress matters, and that the far more notable poetry of 1860-90 will be in its turn rescued from oblivion, and receive its long-delayed popularity in 1960. Is there any escape from this perplexity and confusion save that to which I have been long pointing? It has been said that no man is a hypocrite in his amusements; and the same may be said of him, in the long run, as to his intellectual pleasures. Time, as I have said, is the supreme critic, and he alone preserves the true grain. Go back in thought for a moment to that barren eighteenth century of which Mr. Watts is so disdainful. There occur to my mind these lines, which have survived "deep in the general heart of man":

In all my wanderings round this world of
care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my
share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to
crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me
down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by
repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-
learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns
pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he
flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

Now Goldsmith, in the estimate of the best judges, does not stand in the first rank of poets, perhaps not even in the second. Even in the lines just cited there are obvious traces of a school of versifying, due to the influence of Pope, that was hastening to its fall. And yet the lines have on

them, you will all agree, the indelible stamp of the classic, the permanent. Their effect on each succeeding generation of readers has proved independent of all changes of literary fashion, or any fashion. Yes, it may be replied, because they deal with a popular sentiment; "*Mentem mortalia tangunt.*" But the best poetry can only now and then deal with such topics. Very true; only hundreds of other poets, with loftier aims than Goldsmith, have handled the same sentiment before and since, and have failed to impress in like manner. Where is there a kindred passage in the poetry of the last thirty years, that has taken a like hold on the hearts and imaginations of men? Or perhaps it will be objected that Goldsmith's "kind" of poetry is not a high kind. The poet who aims at something higher in kind, it may be said, is the greater poet, even though he be never quoted and seldom read. Is this so? We know that in matters ethical he shoots farther who aims at the sky than he who levels at the tree-top. We know, also, on the authority of Andrea del Sarto, that

A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's Heaven for?

Andrea del Sarto, you remember, was troubled in conscience for having spent his life in painting "pot-boilers," instead of obeying his nobler instincts and his cravings after perfection. But then the thought he expresses only applies to good or bad in the same kind. It cannot be predicated of different sorts. The artificer who can make a jam-pot admirably, and a Grecian urn but poorly, will live, if he live at all, by the excellence of his jam-pots and not by his urns. Poets must survive by their successes, not by their failures. It is excellence in its own kind that is a joy for ever, even when that kind is short of the highest. This, it would seem, is one of the fallacies that possess those who complain that contemporary verse is not appreciated.

They plead with truth of some new volume of verse that it is noble in aim, earnest in spirit, and in metrical skill, and a certain verbal ingenuity, often admirable. Yet the volume in question is read once, in response to some enthusiastic review, but it somehow fails to delight; it is not quoted, or remembered, or re-read; treasured in that limited book-shelf that hangs, like that of Chaucer's scholar, at one's "bed's-head." It is "boomed," perhaps, and then, as Mr. Watts allows, is heard of no more. And the writer of the verses, if in his despondency he takes up a volume of Gray or Cowper, finds there line after line, embodying perhaps some very hackneyed human experience, yet alive still in the mouths and hearts of men, and exhibiting no sign of decay or neglect. How is this?

How is this, indeed? What constitutes the vitality of verse? What is the essential cause why some verse lives and some dies? It is an answer, but no explanation, to reply that genius is inscrutable, intangible, coming like the wind we know not whence, and having issues we know not whither. Certainly it is not to attempt a fresh analysis of genius that I am here to-night. Mine is a humbler aim,—merely to plead that "God's great gift of speech abused" should not be allowed to "confuse" for us the essential difference in poetry between the great and the little,—between the poetry that "comes to stay" (as our theatrical friends phrase it) and that which comes "to go." There may be tests for a thing, though the thing itself evades analysis. I am addressing a mixed audience,—mixed as to age, I mean—and it is for the students of this college that I would venture to suggest a few of such tests, and to remind them that it was not of poetry that Hamlet was thinking when he said in his nervous irritability that there is "nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so." We have the great poets in our hands, or around us; and in seeking to know why they

have taken a rank denied to others, I think our chief test is the very fact of their survival,—that is, that time has not withered them, nor custom staled them. Whatever the quality that has made them live is independent of time. Spenser is as delightful to us as to his contemporaries. Pope, though dealing habitually with people, incidents, quarrels, gossip of his generation, has lost for us no jot of his fascination. We cannot, of course, offer this precise quality as a test for the poetry of our own day. We shall all be in our graves before a like probationary period is over. But there is a kindred test which may be applied by most of us during our own lifetime. I used just now Keats's famous expression about a thing of beauty being a joy for ever. The line has been so vulgarized that we forget that it contains a very subtle criticism. "For ever" of course includes the lapse of ages in the world's history, but there is no reason why it should not include lapse of time in the individual's. If a thing is really good, really beautiful, it will travel with us through life, a "life's star," that never wanes or dwindles; or, it will seem to grow to us more good, more beautiful, as we ourselves grow in real culture. It must be a common experience with us all to look back with something of wonder, even of humiliation, to the things in literature or art we once thought exquisite and of highest worth. The oratory we once sat under; the music we once sang or played; the engravings we used to buy and hang on our walls when we were eighteen (and infallible); how poor and cheap they often seem after a quarter of a century or so, during which we have read more, thought more, used our eyes more, and drunk deeper of the "still sad music of humanity." Thus it must be some test at least of true verse, or true music, when seeming beautiful once it continues beautiful for ever, or at least, as one's own poor life and education endure. And as Keats says, it is a "joy," not merely an admiration

that endures. There must be something of delight in all admiration of the highest; a new thrill, a kindling, whenever seen or heard afresh. When, after perusing some new volume of verse, we close the book with the words "This is really very good, quite above the average," and yet are never aware of any strong impulse to open the book again, here must be a proof that the best is not before us. But it is hardly a case of reading and re-reading. Some of the best things are perhaps not often read again, just because we can recall them without reading, because they live in memory and haunt us like a passion. No need to read again

O happy fair!

Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's
sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear
When wheat is green, when hawthorn
buds appear—

or,

Sweet daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon—

or,

The island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, nor rain, or any
snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard
lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer
sea.

Such passages as these are never left behind, or outgrown in our life's march. They have got vitality; we feel it, though the secret of their life evades us still.

Once more, I might have added this test: "Is the thing said by the new poet in itself worth saying?" And of much of the verse of the present day, this is a safe test. Much of it is written, apparently, for the sake of exhibiting a technical skill in word-building, or the invention of new and curious metres. Here the form is everything, and the substance nothing; and many of these edifices are much on a par in value with the barley-sugar temples, provided by the pastrycook

for a Twelfth-night supper,—about as artistic, and about as good to eat. But the test I have indicated requires guarding, to this extent. A great bulk of modern poetry consists of matter,—thoughtful, spiritual, original, interesting, which yet would be just as much all these if expressed in prose. So the test may be thus modified. If, turned into prose, the matter would be just as valuable, just as beautiful; if it loses nothing in the process but metre and rhyme, then it is not poetry. And much modern verse, it seems to me, partakes of this fatal defect. It may be by no means without value; it may contain new and fine thought and feeling, interesting and helpful to hundreds,—only let us not be deceived by the metrical form into calling it great poetry.

Since I announced the title (perhaps a trifle pedantic) of this lecture, I have found various friends to be under the impression that by "*poete mediocres*," I meant our minor poets, and that my purpose was to point out how much beauty, and enduring beauty, is to be discovered in poets far short of the highest in rank. And this would indeed be an excellent and profitable subject, and I should like to try at some time to do justice to it. But I take it there is a clear difference between "*poete mediocres*" and "*poete minores*." A minor poet is not necessarily mediocre; and there is ample room for the former, and ample reason for us to value and be thankful for him. I am aware that a flavour of mediocrity has come to be associated with the word "minor." There is a story of a lady of fashion, who collected notabilities at her parties, introducing a bard of this description to a distinguished foreigner in these terms: "Herr Müller," she said, "allow me to introduce to you Mr. Shelley Smith, one of the most distinguished of our minor poets." The story adds that Mr. Shelley Smith was not pleased; but surely had he called to mind a few of those in the past, whom we should call by that name, he need not have

suffered in his feelings. I suppose that Thomas Hood is one of those whom we should hardly allow in the "honour list" of poets at all; he would certainly rank among the minor poets. Yet the "Bridge of Sighs," the "Song of the Shirt," "I remember, I remember the house where I was born," are lyrics as full of life still, as capable of giving high and keen happiness, as on the day they were born. What would Mr. Shelley Smith give in his heart for his lyrics to enjoy a like distinction; or Mr. Postlethwaite if his triolets were ever read, quoted, loved, as are these? No, a minor poet may be mediocre, too often he is, but there is no venom in the word. And the best of the "minor" verse, and the best of the "major," dwell side by side, differing from each other doubtless in glory, but stars for ever, and joys for ever, in the firmament of beauty with which God has encircled His world.

Our English poetry is a vast and precious inheritance; and because it is of real importance that we should train our students aright in this matter, I have judged a question, some may have thought frivolous, not unworthy of discussion this evening. I know very well that you are in no danger of being led astray at University College. My friend, Professor Rowley, who has charge of such subjects here, may be safely trusted (no man more so) to distinguish, on the instant, gold from pinchbeck. You will never find him taken in, either by Buckram or Gylding. But we have not all been trained under such tutors; some of us have to look for guidance elsewhere in the formation of our poetic taste. The sub-title of my lecture (had I used one) would have been "A Plea for Moderation; or, a truer sense of proportion in modern criticism." I have not illustrated my argument, as perhaps some expected by extracts from the bards I had in view; such a course would be neither generous nor profitable. That much of the mass of poetry yearly produced

is mere confectionery; that much of it is merely mimetic, merely shining in the reflected light of a diction and a metrical versatility borrowed from other men, is my profound conviction, and my object has been merely to deprecate the application to these of terms of praise hitherto reserved for the great masters of the craft. For such practice tends to confuse and spoil that moral sense, which, as well as an intellectual one, enters (I firmly believe) into our appreciation of the highest. When a new poet is hailed, within a week of his first appearance, as a new Shelley, should the epithet prove absurd you may ask, "Well, what harm is done, beyond fluttering needlessly the æsthetic pulse of the reader, and causing

the expenditure of a few premature half-crowns?" Well, the harm is that treason is done,—not, of course against the *Di Majores* of verse, who sit apart, beside their nectar, careless of the critics—but treason against the poetic instinct and conscience of the general reader, who is tempted to rub his eyes and exclaim, "Is this first-rate poetry? Have I been deceived all my days in regarding the really great poets, on whom Time has set his seal, as on a wholly different plane from these; as really great, enduring, vital,—part and parcel of my life's experience—entering into the very faith, hope, love, strength, and joy of my intellectual and spiritual being?"

ALFRED AINGER.

MADRAS SEEN FROM MARSEILLES.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER was not more remarkable for the extreme picturesqueness with which he sketched the persons and the achievements of his contemporaries, than for the kindly consideration pervading his estimates of them. In these portraits, as well as in the notices of painting so long supplied by him to the newspaper press, his appreciative powers seem so largely in the ascendant, that the value of the criticism is sometimes injured by its too indulgent tone. He was above professional jealousy, and his sincere love of beauty led him to welcome it wherever found, even when the methods producing it were antagonistic to his own theories on art. He could enjoy a success, whether it was the happy hit of mediocrity or one of the golden hours in the long day of genius. Fully appreciative of the greater literary lights of his day, a devoted partisan of Hugo and the staunch defender of Balzac, he could still find warm praise for gifts unlikely, perhaps, to secure permanent recognition, such as those of Joseph Méry and Léon Gozlan; while some gentle enthusiasts, Philoxène Boyer, for instance, might have altogether missed notice had it not been for his memorial pen.

It is for Joseph Méry that I would ask your attention. He was an old friend of Gautier and, living at Marseilles, not unfrequently received him leaving or returning to France, for Théo was fond of travelling. At a country house on that sultry shore the two would lounge under the precarious shade of tamarisks, and between the blue of the sky and the blue of the sea would talk the talk of accomplished men. Méry was a brilliant conversationalist, and those who had an opportunity of hearing him

considered that his writings gave no adequate idea of his powers. The same has been said of our own John Wilson, of Theodore Hook, and others. He was fond of reading about distant countries, China or India, and was thought to have a faculty of projecting himself from his southern garden into those ancient lands of unprogressive manners and mysterious customs. He could so fully realise the accounts of travellers, his friends declared, that his language gave the impression of being the result of personal experience. This gift animated his conversation with picturesque outbursts, while his own natural wit added many a sparkling and epigrammatic touch. He had the Italian accomplishment of spontaneous verse, and could supply poetry on demand, whose chief merit doubtless was its fluency. Add an accurate ear and a pleasant voice in music, enabling him to reproduce excerpts from the operas, and the notion is complete of an active intellect, shallow perhaps and volatile, but still prepared to manifest itself in many social achievements. Through his life Méry made Marseilles his home, but he often visited Paris, whose changeable climate, however, was sadly trying to the child of sunshine; even in summer he might be seen, with a warm cloak wrapped round his shoulders, avoiding the shady side of the street. On reaching manhood he had been led to adopt literature as a calling; but circumstances divided his career into two parts. Born in 1798 he began to write during the Restoration, his early efforts consisting of satirical verses of a political character, the metrical form promising, as was hoped, some protection against prosecution. In this occupation he became the coadjutor of a fellow towns-

man, named Barthélémy, who obtained considerable reputation by his *LA VILLÉIADE* and other pieces.

After the Revolution of 1830 the two undertook the weekly production of a satirical poem on public affairs, called *LA NÉMESIS*. Such a task was a great strain even on their ready powers, and others were called in to help. One who lent the most effective support wrote under the name of Guillard. This contributor, unprepossessing in appearance, lean, high-shouldered, and forbidding, was no other than the atrocious assassin, Lacenaire, who was executed in Paris during January 1836. He was engaged in his double course of literature and crime at the very time when Wainwright in London was attempting the same disastrous combination. The *NÉMESIS*, having a strong Bonapartist tendency, was at last suppressed by authority, and Méry left Paris for Italy to join the exiled members of the Imperial family.

When Méry next appeared in France it was in the character of a novelist; and this profession, forming the second period of his productive life, he pursued to the end. He is little known in this country, but his collected works, including a few fairly successful attempts at the drama, number about fifty volumes, and were published by Lévy in 1876. Many of his romances were of the usual French type, presenting what was accepted as pictures of current society; but it gradually came about that he gained a special reputation as a delineator of the East, and five works of fiction were exclusively devoted to India. Of these the one entitled *HÉVA* was admitted by public acclamation to be the flower. At the time of the Lévy collection *HÉVA* had already passed through thirty editions, some of them illustrated. The success of Méry's orientalisms was considered something prodigious by his countrymen. His friend Gautier burst into characteristic raptures over it. "Never was India better painted," he wrote, "with

its impenetrable forests, its jungles, its pagodas, its lakes full of sacred crocodiles, its Brahmins, its Thugs, its elephants, its tigers, its maharajahs, and its English residents. Méry had a power of intuition which enabled him to conceive of the flora and fauna of a country he had never seen. And captains on the long seas, who had made the voyage ten times from Marseilles to Calcutta, have vowed that the author of *HÉVA* must have secretly visited India." Besides this testimony of the popular critic, an appropriate essay was prefixed to the romance, in the edition of 1876, from the pen of M. Georges Bell, which was headed *L'ORIENT DE MÉRY*. In this not only were the extraordinary vitality and vividness of Méry's Eastern delineations dwelt upon, but a higher tone was taken; it was claimed for the novelist that, with true patriotic feeling, he had endeavoured to revive in France that spirit of enterprise and adventure which had so distinguished her meteoric appearance in India. An empire there had indeed been denied to her; but so glorious were the deeds of her soldiers and sailors that they still formed the themes (according to M. Bell) of native ballads in the bazaars of the presidential towns. Were not such achievements worthy of emulation?

It will be believed that in consequence of these weighty credentials the story of *Héva* was taken up with considerable curiosity. And indeed so far as the interest goes, there need be no occasion for disappointment. The book is delightfully written; its style is gay and sparkling; there is plenty of humour, and the incidents succeed each other rapidly, being always exciting and sometimes dramatic. But what can be said about the verisimilitude? That there should be mistakes was natural, and these might easily have been overlooked. But the truth is that the most good-tempered allowances are powerless to produce the slightest resemblance to the actual scene or the beings that move

upon it. The India of Méry is no more like the India of even fifty years ago, than the island of Phillip Quarles is like that of Samoa. And this is affirmed with every desire to have seen an interesting locality illustrated by the charm of French narrative. These statements, capable of absolute demonstration, when taken in connection with the opinion of critics and the public across the Channel, raise the subject to the dignity of a psychological problem. However, it would be tedious and inefficient for one who, happens to be familiar with the country to point out in detail to a reader who is not, the misapprehensions of a third individual confessing himself to have gained his impressions from books and from his inner consciousness. It is proposed, therefore, to take one episode, that of a tiger-hunt, and simply to reproduce what Méry has written. The tiger-hunt is selected because the incidents of that sport have been placed before the general body of readers so frequently, that what is possible and what is not can be easily discerned even by the fireside traveller. An independent judgment thus formed will be pleasanter than acquiescence in elaborate animadversions, which might end in being fatiguing.

It will be first necessary, however, to give an outline of the plot. The two heroes of the story are Gabriel de Nancy, a young French *savant*, and Sir Edward Klerbbs, a Briton, but also a learned man and an antiquary. Klerbbs is not a common English name, but it is sufficiently cacophonous to answer to the general French idea of our national vocables.

There was a certain Madras merchant called Mounoussamy, who had grown so enamoured of a Batavian beauty known as Héva, that he renounced the Hindoo religion and became a Wesleyan in order that he might gain her hand. She was the ward of an English banker and trader named Palmer, a man of fabulous wealth and of extravagance recalling

the dreams of THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. On the occasion of the marriage it chanced that there was a lake near the scene of the festivities. This was of a natural blue in the daytime, but Palmer was desirous of retaining the beautiful hue during the night also. He therefore had the whole indigo harvest of the neighbourhood cut and piled on an adjoining mountain; in the darkness the plant was fired, the lake reflected the indigo tint, and a fragrance filled the air overpowering the odours of the Indian night-flowers. Thus regardless of expense was Palmer when the whim of the moment had to be gratified.

Gabriel de Nancy had come to Madras in search of the rare bird *Turracus albus*, which was not in the Parisian museums to the great mortification of Lacépède. Klerbbs on his part was eager to purchase original manuscripts for the production of a history of Malabar. The rich Wesleyan convert, being a man of great intelligence, loved to collect around him at his beautiful country place guests of notoriety and eminence. Klerbbs was already installed at Tinnevely, —the mansion by the lake of that name, where art had combined with a luxuriant nature to present every enjoyment a pampered taste could demand — before Gabriel arrived. On the latter accepting a courteous invitation, he found a very strange state of affairs existing at Tinnevely. There was a large party of male friends, and every one of them in love with Héva. She, however, though enchanting to all in her manners, was devoted to her husband; and at dinner-time, when there seemed likely to be a tumult of rivalry to secure the honour of conducting the hostess, she calmly took the arm of Mounoussamy, which M. Méry declares to be the native Indian custom at dinner-parties. The number of her admirers was Héva's security; and the author takes occasion to mention that this is always so, adding, with the light

heartedness of his nation, "If Penelope had had but a single suitor, Ulysses would have shared the fate of Menelaus." The point need not be here discussed. It must be added that among the admirers were two gentlemen of the country, named Mirpour and Goolab, who had evil designs against both husband and wife. After dinner on the first night of Gabriel's visit, Mounoussamy announced that he had arranged a tiger-hunt, and all his guests were invited to be on horseback before daybreak. He had prepared this great treat apparently at the suggestion of Goolab, who fervently thanks him in words fuller of sentiment than of historical accuracy: "A thousand thanks, Nabob Mounoussamy! You are as great as Aurungzebe, the first king of the Mahrattas!"

Thus much of the plot will be sufficient to introduce the sporting event which shall now be described. When the account is concluded, it will only be necessary to mention what the consequences were of the hunt, and to disclose the ultimate fates of Gabriel, Klerbbs, and the fair Batavian. "When the last star sinks behind the mountain of Goala, we will take the field." This had been the intimation Mounoussamy had given to his friends at parting; he had also informed them that his stables would remain open all night, warning them to be sure to choose horses which would remain staunch in the presence of wild beasts.

Gabriel and Klerbbs sat up late, talking over the beauty of Héva; but they rose at the appointed time, and on sallying forth found the party on the point of starting. All the guests were present, and there was a band of attendants called by M. Méry "*mounted péons*," dressed uniformly with red turbans on their heads, and carbines in their hands. Goolab and Mirpour, full of malignity, veiled their designs with plausible smiles. The principal figure of the group was Mounoussamy himself, who

had assumed the dress of Kouvéra, the god of riches, and appeared naked to the waist, with red cashmere pantaloons embroidered with flowers and descending to ankles spanned by rings of gold. Like Kouvéra, too, he was mounted on an ivory-white horse. This gentleman, though advanced in years, was so accustomed to bodily gymnastics that he was a perfect athlete, and could exhibit feats worthy of the trapeze. Indeed, Klerbbs declared he had seen the Indian perform a miracle of activity: "A clown," he added, "at our Athsley's (*sic*) would earn a hundred pounds a night for such a feat." At last the falconer gives the signal by beat of *kidoudy* (a drum, we are informed, used on occasions of the kind), and off the party moves. Although silence was prescribed as the necessary condition of good sport, Gabriel and Klerbbs were so near each other that they could not resist talking, and the Englishman told his friend he had reason to suspect a design on the part of Goolab and Mirpour against Mounoussamy. "It would be contrary to their gentle creed to assassinate him," he explained; "but they will manage in some way to deliver him to the tigers." The two friends agreed to stand by their host, and if possible to guard him from destruction.

As the day wore on, the cavalcade halted at the entrance of the beautiful valley of the Lutchmi. This river flowed along the skirts of the mountains till it reached a dark and terrifying chasm, when, pouring its waters into the grim hole, it disappeared from human sight. So deep were the recesses where the flood fell, that the ear caught no sound of the cascade, and the stream, rounded and smooth like the mane of a horse, descended in silence. The place was called Gouroul. The *péons* prepared a repast, and a short interval was given for repose, as the middle of the day was held the best time for attacking the tigers. Before resuming the march, Mounoussamy remarked that Gabriel

and Klerbbs were not mounted on his sporting horses, and he looked reproachfully at Mirpour and Goolab, who however denied having had anything to do with the selection of the steeds.

And now *péons* were sent on ahead to rouse the tigers. These daring fellows, tying their horses to trees, pushed on foot into the gorges of Ravana, throwing stones about the brushwood or, when they could mount above the jungle, loosening and precipitating the smaller rocks. At length there was a hushed exclamation,—“They are coming!”—and a huge tiger rushed into the valley. It was at once severely wounded by Mounoussamy, who, riding up to where it lay, was assailed by two more furious animals. The moment of treachery had now come. Mirpour and Goolab had really managed to put all the guests on timid and unbroken horses; they had moreover corrupted the *péons*, a task rendered less difficult by the hatred with which these devotees of Siva regarded the apostasy of their master. The Europeans were all run away with; Mirpour and Goolab galloped after them; the *péons* sneaked like traitors from the scene of danger; and Mounoussamy was left alone to grapple with the herd of wild beasts, now momentarily increasing in number.

Gabriel and Klerbbs, ashamed of their position but unable to stop their horses, managed to fling themselves from their saddles. With every wish to aid their host they found themselves powerless, and fearing that the tigers would soon discover them, they thought it prudent to swim the river Lutchmi, and put the barrier of its waters between them and the enemy. Ravines and rough ground impeded their progress on the other bank, but at length they approached the chasm of Gouroul, and mounted a tree to survey the immediate neighbourhood. From this coign of vantage they were compelled helplessly to witness the sombre close of this eventful day's

sport. A fearful cry of despair was heard (“*corrosif comme un tam-tam*”) and the Wesleyan swept into view surrounded by a mob of tigers. He directed his horse towards the chasm, creating an instant's truce for himself by the last two discharges of his pistol. His assailants momentarily retreated into the rushes of the Lutchmi, but soon recovered their courage. Mounoussamy sprang up on the saddle like a circus-rider: the hot tongues of the wild beasts dripped on his naked feet; but his ivory-white steed could carry him no further, and trembling in every limb was on the point of sinking to the ground. With one grand effort the apostate athlete leapt clear of the horse's head, and disappeared in the gloomy abyss,

Where Alph the sacred river ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.

Thus ended the hunt, and the tigers must have felt that they had got much the best of it. One or two of their number indeed were killed; but still, a field of sportsmen had fled from them like hares, and their principal opponent had been driven, after much annoyance, to commit suicide.

Having bewailed the sad catastrophe they could not avert, the friends sought to return to the lake. But they utterly lost their way in the forest, and, after wandering all night, were still apparently as far from their goal, when morning broke, as they were on the previous evening. At last, tired out, they determined to make some sort of entrenchment. Stakes were cut, brushwood intertwined, and a settlement inaugurated about which the two friends were amusingly droll.

“It may prove a second Rome,” said one.

“What succeeded the building of the walls on the Palatine?” asked the other.

“The rape of the Sabine women.”

"Very well ; then we must descend on the nearest village."

That evening, however, they fell in with a friendly Brahmin, well acquainted with both French and English, who received them at his farm. The fare, though simple, was exceedingly welcome, and the little party did not retire to bed till after an animated discussion, in which their priestly host maintained that Homer was not equal to the ancient Indian poets. All seemed tranquillity, but alas ! in the morning the homestead was surrounded by troopers ; the King's Proctor had arrived from Madras, and the travellers were arrested for the murder of Mounoussamy. It appeared that they had inadvertently admitted to some itinerant musicians in the forest that they had seen the Nonconformist disappear. The musicians informed, and on this intelligence the Proctor acted.

The reader might now be left to form his own opinion on M. Méry's orientalism, and perhaps to wonder how an accomplished critic and an intelligent public can possibly have come to receive this travesty as a Dutch picture, faithful in its minutest details. He may, however, care to know the conclusion of these strange adventures, and that he shall learn in a very few words. The two friends escaped unharmed from the clutches of the King's Proctor, thanks to a brother of the lost Mounoussamy, whose evidence gave a new complexion to the case. Gabriel was weak enough to return like the moth to the flame, and endeavour by the lake of Tinnevely to ingratiate himself with the fair widow, apparently through the medium of a series of passionate declarations. Héva may be excused for having trifled with the too inflammable sentiments of her admirer ; but the Frenchman's hopes were doomed to disappointment. The real truth was that Mounoussamy was still alive. With his astounding agility he had sprung into the trees clothing the upper part of the chasm, and remained

hidden in the foliage till the beasts had gone. When the machinations of his enemies were defeated and their persons secured, the lost husband reappeared in most melodramatic circumstances. Klerbbs had some amusing matrimonial adventures at Tranquebar, which ended in his being too late for his own nuptials, and in his bride thinking that she had better give her hand to a second aspirant than wait any longer for the first. Finally the two friends returned to Europe, landing in France where they were received with great distinction by the scientific world, for their lack of success was considered to prove that the inquiries were futile, and it was never suspected in what way they had really passed their time. And so M. Méry's book is closed, with at least the confession that the author never grows tedious, and in his wildest misapprehensions keeps up an unfailling stream of gaiety.

One other little point I may mention. Mr. Garner, who is studying the language of monkeys, has, it is said, invented a cage wherein he can be safely housed in a tropical forest while watching the doings of its inhabitants. But Méry has been before him. One of the caprices of the beautiful Héva required the devoted Gabriel to kill twelve tigers and lay them at her feet. To enable the Frenchman to do this Klerbbs, with the assistance of a Chinese mechanician, constructs an iron cage. This is placed in the jungle, and Gabriel, comfortably seated inside with a full supply of guns, slaughters in the night-time every animal that comes out of curiosity to inspect him.

In all Méry's stories about India,—and the same thing has been observed in other French writers who have chosen that country as the scene of their fictions—native life has been largely introduced to produce variety and supply contrast. And it is obvious that if Anglo-Indian society alone is to supply characters and events, fiction bearing on India must

be excessively restricted in its nature. The difficulty of making use of the dark element is threefold: native life is comparatively little known, and consequently mistakes waylay the unwary at every step; while, if the subject be designedly read up, the touch of an artist's hand is needed to make it interesting.

India was for a very long time considered a dull subject; and it is even now in the case of ordinary writers looked at askance. The fault must have lain, in some measure, at the door of the writers, for Lord Macaulay's Indian essays have assuredly never been thought dull, and Bishop Heber secured countless readers for his journals and letters. A different treatment of the country has grown up latterly; and if the old stock properties—the heat and the rains, the snakes and the insects, the tigers and the crocodiles, Tapp's sauce and brandy

pawnee—have fallen out of fashion, a great deal of wonder and pathos has been discovered, both in our position out there and in the destinies of the teeming population among whom we live, in civil but not intimate relations. This new development has been mainly due to individual gifts of genius; but it had already been perceived that there was a vast store of dramatic material lying unused in the modification of Eastern life through its contact with Western civilization. And it is due to Mr. Allardyce to say that his *CITY OF SUNSHINE* was the first serious attempt, on a large scale, to depict the influence of West on East, and to intermingle in a common plot incidents illustrative both of the characteristics of the dominant race, and of those of the mysterious, impassive, but in the end impressionable masses who submit to its supremacy.

J. W. SHERER

THE HERONS.¹

CHAPTER IV.

EVELYN ARMITAGE had arrived at that important period of a woman's life, when, though her empire of youth and beauty is by no means over, she begins to realise that it must one day come to an end. That end is not now quite so soon as it was in the days of our grandmothers, when seventeen was the age for the romance of life; but in the natural course of things it must be, and many women are desperately afraid of seeming to shrink from it, of seeming to grasp at the departing skirts of sovereignty. Seventeen thinks that any day *the Prince* may come riding by; but nine-and-twenty knows that there is no Prince, only that she may possibly, if she cares to exert herself, have her choice of three or four more or less tolerable individuals.

Looking upon her prospects dispassionately and from this point of view, Evelyn said to herself that she would certainly not love, and had better not marry. "The nice old men are all married already, and the young ones are so very young and uninteresting. And want of interest is a far more hopeless beginning than a little aversion."

After the wedding-day at Heron's Edge she found herself thinking so much and so often of the quaint old house and its inhabitants,—especially of one inhabitant—that with her usual candour she admitted to herself that if Cosmo Heron had been older she would have begun to think that perhaps her day was come at last. But feminine nine-and-twenty looked down from a great height of age and superiority upon masculine three-and-twenty; and Miss Armitage considered, or at any rate wished to consider, her young host of that occasion as merely

a nice boy,—interesting indeed, but more for what he might be than for what he actually was. None the less she wished to see more of him, and of that strange world of which he formed a part, and two days after the wedding her wish was gratified.

It was a perfect summer morning, and as they sat at breakfast with the windows open Mrs. Heron started up with an exclamation of pleasure. "There's Cosmo!" she said. "I thought he was never coming to breakfast again." She moved to the third window, which opened down to the ground, and waved her hand. "Good morning!" she cried. "Come this way! Callers at half-past eight need not go round to the front door."

The young man crossed the lawn, taking off the apology for a hat that he wore, and stepped in at the window, shaking hands with the ladies in somewhat of his father's style, which somehow suggested that he had gone down on one knee and kissed the tips of their fingers.

"I was going round the house in search of a door-mat," he remarked, as his mother eagerly sent for more breakfast.

"My dear boy," she exclaimed, "where could you find mud on a morning like this?"

"On the Lechfield,—plenty of it, and very black," he answered calmly, seating himself and drawing the ham towards him. "But the heather has brushed off the worst of it."

"Have you been over the moor, then? Your boots must be soaked through; you must change directly. I believe we can find you something."

"Boots like these are impervious," he answered in the same tone. "And it would be waste of time to change, as I am going back the same way. I

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came over to ask if you would all come up to lunch this morning. We have recovered from the wedding, and the place has gone tranquilly to sleep again."

"So you want us to wake you up?"

"No," he said, with a glance towards Evelyn. "Like other beauties, we look best asleep, and we should like some of you to see us in our normal condition."

"I think we shall be glad to come. We were planning a drive for to-day, and Mrs. Ingleby was wishing to see more of that side of the country. We might go by Fox Edge and return by the Dale. But surely you will stay here and drive with us, instead of tramping all that way over the moor?"

"No, thank you. I am not carriage company just now; and no one knows how beautiful it is over the moor this morning who has not tried it. Could I persuade you to try it?" he asked, suddenly turning to Miss Armitage. "It is only a little more than three miles, and you would be able to drive back. You can't see this country properly from a carriage."

"Could I venture into black mud?" she asked smiling.

"That is not an essential part of the programme. I was looking after common objects of the bog when I brought away so much of it upon my boots; going back I shall be looking after *you*. I will undertake that you shall not wet the sole of your shoe."

Evelyn looked at Mrs. Ingleby, and that lady answered promptly, "Please yourself, my dear."

"I believe my son is to be trusted," added Mrs. Heron. "If he pledges his word there is to be no mud, I am sure there will be none,"—and the young man smiled at this tribute to his virtues, but did not deprecate it. His mother hovered about him as he sat, and came as near to being fussy as so stately a lady could achieve; but her attentions did not conduce much to his ease, as whenever she

attempted to bring him anything he started to his feet and promptly took it from her. It was plain to Evelyn that he would not permit himself to be waited upon by a lady, and that his mother was to him much as any other lady, in spite of her fond affection of his being quite at home in her house.

She left them together before long, and went to get ready for her walk. Coming down again she found Cosmo Heron standing in the hall, waiting for her.

"I am ready," she said, in answer to his look. "Shall we take your mother's dog with us?"

"No, I think not. I have got my dog outside, and I am afraid he might eat Bruno. By the way, shall you object to his company? He is perfectly gentle with humans, but he looks rather awful. If you like I can just as well leave him tied up, and come again for him this afternoon."

"Not on any account! I have the most perfect confidence that you won't allow me to be eaten. Oh, there he is! His appearance is not prepossessing, certainly, but I dare say he has many excellent qualities."

They had crossed the garden as they talked, and the young man opened a door in the wall that led out into the lane. To a ring in the wall beside it was chained a large and most villainous-looking bull-terrier, brindled black and yellow, who wagged his thin rat-like tail when he saw his master, and tried to look as agreeable as his peculiar cast of countenance would permit.

"Allow me to present to you my friend Moloch," said his master, unfastening the chain and putting it into his pocket. "If you will condescend to pat him he will regard you as a friend. Thanks! Now if only you had an enemy, especially a canine enemy, of whom you would allow him to make mincemeat, his happiness would be complete."

"I can well believe it. No, Moloch,

I have no enemies, within your reach. There, good dog, you may stroll on in peace."

Miss Evelyn Armitage was in reality fond of dogs, and knew enough about them to be aware that the most truculent-looking are often the gentlest. But she would have caressed a rattlesnake, or a fiery dragon, if a man whom for the moment she wished to subjugate had recommended it to her notice as a desirable pet. She knew how attractive trust and confidence are in a woman; and though she possessed a large share of physical courage, she was too wise to let it be apparent otherwise than as implicit faith in a masculine protector.

Talking gaily, they went on up the lane, and then through a farmyard, across two or three small rushy fields, and out on to the open moor.

The air of the summer was sweeter than wine. It came in wafts across the wide moorland over stunted bracken and green springing heather, which here and there beside the path was beginning to be touched with purple, and over patches of cotton-grass, "the canna's hoary beard," gleaming gray and white in the sunlight.

"Do you like it?" asked Cosmo simply, after they had walked some little way in silence, while his companion looked about her with bright eager eyes.

"Like it? I don't know that I ever liked anything better," she answered with evident sincerity. "And yet, it is almost stranger that one should like it so much. For this peculiar kind of beauty is not very far removed from ugliness, and at best is rather desolate."

"That is just the beauty that always fascinates. And it ought to be desolate, for this is a great graveyard we are walking over, or a buried city."

"A buried city?"

"So they say. You see that smoke far away on the horizon? That is the big town where the railway landed you when you came to Pennithorne.

But they say that here was a great town before the first stone of that town was laid."

"Do you believe it?"

"I don't know; I am no antiquarian. But if not, it is the site of some old battle, for this is 'the Lechfield,' so called from time immemorial, and that, as you know, means the field of the dead."

"So they lie here underneath our feet, ruins of houses or bones of men, with cotton-grass for a pall! Why doesn't somebody examine, and explore, and find out about it? That's what I should do."

"Is it your pleasure that we should go and dig? I have a gardening-fork in my pocket."

Miss Armitage relaxed her imperative mood and laughed. "No," she said; "we might not hit upon the exact spot to unearth a chimney; and with your fork we should be a long while coming down to some ancient Briton's door-stone."

"True!" said her companion. "And don't you think that on the whole the relics of the past are better where they are than in the county museum? We are far too fond of unearthing every little mystery. While the burial mound is undisturbed it is a magic place with a hoard of mysterious treasure, and a goblin to watch over it, and a legend to keep the place respected. Then comes some meddling antiquary with a spade, and all that is left of the mystery soon is a cracked pot or a bronze axe-head, stuck on a shelf and numbered 5005."

"Perhaps you are right; at least while all is uncertain one may believe whatever pleases one best. I shall believe in the battle-field. I don't believe there could ever have been a city up here. At any rate, I don't want to think of cities now, except to pity those who are cooped up in them."

It seemed to Miss Armitage that a shadow darkened over the young man's face. The cause of it she could

guess, and by way of experiment she went on to speak to what she fancied must be in his mind. "I dare say, being a man and being at home up here, you don't pity them at all, but would rather be with them, feeling the stir and stress of life, than in the peace and stillness of this old-world atmosphere."

"In some respects, yes."

"Perhaps you don't know so much about them as I do. Have you ever seen much of any world but this,—and Oxford, which in its way is quite as unlike the ordinary world?"

"Not much. My father has promised me a *Wanderjahre* before I settle down to the business of life,—a peep at all the great capitals of Europe, and perhaps some more out-of-the-way places as well. But I shall probably get more pleasure than profit from that."

"You will get plenty of pleasure, at all events. I could envy you, especially if it is all new ground."

"New enough; I have never even been to London yet. Odd, isn't it! Somehow there have always been objections—" Again the shadow deepened on his face, and a perplexed look with it, as if he were considering something upon which a new light had suddenly been thrown.

"You talked just now of the business of life," she said presently. "May one ask what that is to be?"

"At my age," he answered, "I ought to be ashamed to have only so undecided an answer to give you. But my father has always discouraged the idea of anything that would take me much away from home. I had a fancy to be a barrister once, chiefly on account of the interesting byways into which that profession seems to lead, but he would not hear of it. And there is an opening, a very good one, I suppose, close at hand, though not immediately available. A very old friend of my father's is *locum tenens*, so to speak, for the magnate who in these parts is known as the Duke, as if there was but one. He has pro-

mised to take me, when I am a little older, as his subordinate and probable successor. The post needs a man who knows the country well and whose family is well known in it."

"And you like the prospect?"

"Yes; the life ought to be pleasant enough, though there are not the boundless possibilities in it that one likes to imagine in some professions. And of course there is always the chance of wasting the best years of one's life and then being cashiered by the great man as an inefficient substitute for my old chief."

"I should think there was not much chance of that," said Evelyn, with an apparently involuntary side-glance at the young man's peculiar-looking capable sort of face. "To me it sounds like a very desirable life, with plenty of possibilities, of a kind. Is it a wide area over which you will be vicegerent?"

"A quarter of a county or so. Mr. Grey rules it much as if he were a monarch in his own right; but the time for that sort of thing is passing by, and will hardly outlast him."

"Well, I think you will be better reigning in his stead than waiting for briefs in the Inner Temple. Herons have long wings, but they are very constant to their own haunts, are they not?"

She smiled at him as she spoke, with that motherly air that a beautiful young woman often chooses to put on towards a man younger than herself. And he smiled in answer, but again the cloud swept over his face. "Miss Armitage," he said suddenly, "can you tell me what sort of a place Canonbury is?"

"Canonbury? Oh, the London Canonbury, you mean. I haven't the least idea. Why do you ask?"

"I heard some one mention it the other day, that's all; and I understood you to say that you knew London well."

"So I do; but I might know it even better, and never have set foot in Canonbury. Canonbury has no-

thing to do with what one generally means by London."

"Is it such an out-of-the-way desolate kind of place, then?"

"I really don't know. Some thousands of people live in Canonbury, I suppose, but I never knew or heard of any one who did."

Deep apparently in thought, Cosmo strode on for a few yards, then finding himself a little in advance of his companion turned back with quick compunction. "You said you would tell me if I walked too fast," he said reproachfully. "There is Moloch trying to atone for my want of manners by plodding determinedly at your side. Don't hurt your fingers with that tough heather; I will get you some."

He not only plucked some, but carried it, and they skirmished playfully over the difference between ling and heather till they reached a rough dry-stone wall, part of which the young man calmly pushed over in spite of his companion's remonstrances. "I could climb it quite well," she said; but he seemed to regard the remark as beneath notice, for he merely set his foot against another layer of flat brown stones, and, sending them sliding down, handed her carefully over the ruins.

"Is it the Duke's tenants or your own that you are treating in this scandalous fashion?" she asked, as they stepped down together into the winding sandy lane below the wall.

"I shall send, or probably come back myself, and put it all up again. It is as easy as the puzzle maps of our childhood, and quite as interesting. The man who holds this land is my father's tenant, and after him will be my brother's. You know that I have an elder brother, Miss Armitage? Indeed, I dare say you guess that you have seen him."

"I supposed that it must be he. But, as I promised you, I have tried to forget that episode."

"I know, and again I thank you. You spoke just now of Herons being faithful to their own haunts, but——"

"But I had forgotten that one Heron at least was a wanderer," she said, as he paused.

"You might say an exile," he answered. "You must judge us as charitably as you can, Miss Armitage, for I think we must be differently constituted from any other family in the world."

"I will try not to judge at all till I know you all better. Is that the house which I must not call the Hall? I did not think we had been so near."

"You are not tired, then? You did not find the way too long? To me it has seemed very short, but I must not judge your feelings by mine."

Miss Armitage knew very well what the look meant that accompanied his words, and she said to herself that before long those expressive eyes might be dangerous to somebody's peace of mind. As to the young man's own peace of mind, she was not concerned, recognising symptoms of a kind with which she was sufficiently familiar. And why should not some one enjoy this chivalrous visionary adoration, while the young woman he would eventually care for was probably still consuming bread and butter in the schoolroom?

Mr. Heron was sitting in the garden under his flowering thorn, when the young people entered by the door in the wall just behind him. He lingered near them while Evelyn rested on the bench after her walk, and later while they explored again the quaint old-world domain. Father and son seemed to be on excellent though undemonstrative terms, with a kind of instinctive habitual liking for each other's society. But as Evelyn watched them, with an interest born of what she had heard of their story, it seemed to her that there was in the Squire's manner a shade of that anxiety that is one of the phases of a deep, almost jealous affection. It seemed absurd to connect such an idea with Mr. Heron's keen strong features and upright, unbending figure; but so,

only more openly, a mother might watch a child recovering from long illness, questioning with herself whether he was really happier, better, stronger than the day before. "If the young man was delicate I could understand it," thought Evelyn to herself, "but he is evidently very strong, in a slim graceful fashion, and looks well enough to satisfy anybody. I wonder if the father has any special reason just now for remembering that Herons have long wings, and for doubting whether he can hope to keep this one contented in the parent tree!"

The day wore on, and the elder ladies arrived in due course, Mrs. Heron with her marked air of being only a visitor. Down at Pennithorne her one endeavour seemed to be to make her son at home, but up here she let him treat her almost as a stranger,—perhaps because in her husband's presence she could not help it.

After luncheon the party adjourned to the garden; and if Miss Armitage perceived that the youngest of her companions was manœuvring to get her apart from the others and enjoy her society all to himself, it was an experience that was not new to her, and that she knew very well how to deal with. She did at last permit herself to be beguiled into a brief voyage of discovery, out of sight as well as out of hearing of the rest. "You promised to take me into the churchyard, and to tell me a story," she said.

"I know I did. You listen so well that you lead me on to say such things, and then I have terrible misgivings that I must be boring you."

"You need not be afraid. A woman of my age, who has seen anything of the world, need not be bored unless she chooses. And I never expose myself unnecessarily to that kind of thing. I want stories, like the children, and I shall not be bored by getting what I want."

"I will show you something then,

and it shall tell you its own story. I don't know whether many people have ever noticed it. You know this place has one history so tragic that it has rather overshadowed all lesser interests?"

"I know; I was reading about it in an old county chronicle the other day. It is a tragic story indeed, and yet every one seems to have behaved so nobly that one can hardly call it sad."

"Ay, it will take us all our time here to live up to the memory of our fathers. See, here she lies who was bravest where all were brave, under this ponderous slab with those preposterous pillars all round it. How could any one erect such a monument to such a memory!"

"I don't know. You may call it an altar to the love that is stronger than death; and perhaps it ought to look like that old cross just beyond it, as if it would outlast death itself."

Evelyn lingered beside the great altar tomb, spelling out the lengthy Latin inscription that was the clumsy setting of the jewel of a noble name. Then she looked up, to find that her companion was no longer by her side.

He was standing a little way off, not far from another door in the wall opposite to that which led from the house, and beside him stood a burly clean-shaven elderly gentleman in clerical attire, who had evidently just come through the said doorway. They were talking earnestly, and though Evelyn had no wish to overhear their conversation the elder gentleman spoke so very emphatically that it was difficult to avoid doing so.

"Been thinking of him a good deal lately," he was saying; "dreaming of him, or thinking of him, or something, poor fellow! And that put it in my head, somehow, that you might have heard something of him."

Cosmo Heron's reply was inaudible, and the other went on. "What, you don't say so! Well, I was always his friend, as you know, though he has never thought fit to

hold any communication with me since he went away. You'll let me know if you hear anything more? Good-bye, my lad."

The door in the wall closed behind him, and Cosmo came back to Evelyn's side, looking very thoughtful. "Forgive me," he said. "Mr. Anderson is as imperative as he is kind. And now, this was not what I meant to show you, but something of which the county chronicles, so far as I have searched them, say nothing. Will you come this way?"

He led her across the grass and past the porch to that south-western corner where he had been sitting on that night when his brother's step came up the path; there he silently directed her attention to an antique lozenge-shaped tablet fixed against the weather-worn wall of the church.

"Read it to me," said Evelyn. "The lettering is not too clear."

And he read:

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and tæst thy wages.

"Why, that is Shakespeare, surely?"

"So far. But listen again:

I weep thee now, but I too must
Here end with thee and turn to dust.
In Christ may endless union prove
The consummation of our love.

Prayeth Thomas Maldon.

There was silence for a moment, except that Evelyn sighed. Then,—"Who was it who had the fortune to be so loved and mourned?" she asked half enviously.

"There is her graceful name above the lines,—Elizabeth—and her age, twenty-four, and the year in which she died."

"I see,—1741. The man who in those days knew Shakespeare and appreciated CYMBELINE must have been a man quite out of the common. Is it profanation to ask whether the rest of his life was in accordance with this?"

"Could I have shown it to you if I

had known of a subsequent contradiction that spoiled it all? I cannot find out much about Thomas Maldon; but so far as I can make out, he lived a worthy life and died unmarried, and lies somewhere here at his lady's feet. For the Maldons' burial-place is just below where we stand, and his name is on that great flat stone there behind you, with a long string of Maldons before and after it. His brother was his heir and successor, and the name is extinct now in this neighbourhood."

"More's the pity, if the rest of the family were at all like him."

"I am afraid they were not, certainly not the later specimens."

Evelyn turned away slowly and lingeringly, and began to move towards the door that led back to the Hall garden. "After all," she said, "I suppose the world could hardly get on if all men were made of such fine clay." She spoke less out of her own conviction than to see what her companion would say. He answered with some bitterness: "Oh, you need have no fear! We shall take no harm from the tepid liking that seems all most of us can feel now. Soon hot, soon cold,—and if not very hot then the sooner cold." From something in his tone Evelyn concluded that Mr. Cosmo Heron had been recently suffering from a baulked fancy, and was disappointed and angry with himself at not finding his suffering deeper or longer-lived.

They passed on between the graves, and the young man picked up a withered rose that the bride's train had swept aside, looked at it for a moment with an inscrutable smile, and flung it into a newly made grave that had been opened at a little distance from the path. And so, through the garden door, they came back across the sunny patch of turf to the shade of the thorn where the rest were sitting.

A moment or two later a lady and gentleman followed them through the door from the churchyard, and Evelyn recognised the elderly clergyman whom she had seen just before. "Mr. and

Miss Anderson," said her host, rising to meet them, and presenting them in the way that is now out of date, but which had its advantages.

Miss Anderson was probably not much over thirty, well-dressed and well-mannered, with a sweet pale face that would never at any age be devoid of charm. But there was something indescribably faded and elderly about her, as if she had taken leave of her youth long years before, that made Evelyn Armitage feel a premonitory shiver as she looked at her. "Shall I be like that in a few years' time?" she thought, and could not for the moment console herself by the remembrance of the many gray-haired elderly women whom she had seen full of the spring and zest of youth. And yet those who knew her perceived that there was an unwonted colour just then in Magdalen Anderson's smooth pale cheek, and a light in her quiet gray eyes that was not always there.

Cosmo at least knew what it meant, and yielded instantly to her wish when she made a shy hesitating motion to draw him apart from the rest. Evidently it cost her an effort to make such an advance even to this young man, who was still to her the boy she had known all his life; but she did it, blushing painfully the while.

"Father tells me," she murmured, "that you have heard from—Edmund. Was he well? Do you think you shall hear from him again?"

"I will tell you a secret," answered Cosmo in a rapid undertone. "He has asked me to go and see him, and—I am going."

"You will see him? You will see his home, and know how he is getting on? Oh, Cosmo, how glad you will be! And how glad *he* will be to see some one from home."

The young man glanced at her a moment, then looked away. "Did you know?—I might have known, I suppose, but I didn't—did you know that he was married?"

"Oh yes! I have,—often thought

of his wife. You must tell me all about her. You know Edmund and I are old,—old playmates."

There was a soft hesitation in her speech that seemed habitual. Whether it was a little more than usual just now only a very fine ear could detect.

"Why wasn't I told?" asked Cosmo, a little sulkily. "Your father might have told me."

"My father said that he owed it to his old friendship with Mr. Heron not to speak to you of Edmund till you were of age. And then he said that he would not speak until you asked him. Only,—the thought of him has been somehow haunting us the last few days."

"When did the haunting begin?" he asked, looking at her with thoughtful questioning eyes.

"With me,—the night before the wedding. Don't laugh at me, Cosmo! It only put it into my head,—I mean, I thought of him so often that somehow I fancied he might be thinking of us."

The night before the wedding! Cosmo could but remember how Edmund sat with him in the church-porch that night, hardly a stone's throw from the room where Magdalen Anderson lay thinking of him; and how he asked after everything and everybody, but spoke not one word of her. "If he had not married I might have thought he cared too much to speak of her," he thought. "As it is, I suppose he cared too little. Poor Magdalen!"

This woman's carefully guarded secret had somehow always been an open book to the young brother of the man she cared for, who had never really cared for her. But Cosmo would have suffered any conceivable penalty sooner than let her see, by so much as a look of pity, that he knew it.

And so that summer afternoon passed by, and, uneventful as it had been, the memory of it was laid up by Evelyn Armitage in one of those secret drawers of the mind where women store those pleasant recollections that have

a touch of sentiment about them. It was quite over, for she and Mrs. Ingleby were leaving Pennithorne in a day or two, and it was quite possible that she might never again see Herne's Edge. And even if she did, she was old enough to know that no experience, however trifling, can ever come over again. But it had been a new sensation, very pleasant while it lasted; and she felt that the memory of it would always have a subtle delicate aroma, as unlike that of other recollections as a whiff of peat-smoke or of fallen oak-leaves is unlike the atmosphere of a perfumer's shop.

As he accompanied them to the gate Cosmo Heron remarked calmly: "I mean to visit London, you know, on those travels of mine. Do you think Mrs. Ingleby would allow me to call upon her?"

To which that lady, overhearing the question, as indeed she was intended to do, replied very cordially in the affirmative.

CHAPTER V.

IN the library at Herne's Edge, with the shaded lamp between them, sat Cosmo Heron and his father, watching each other with an intentness that the imperfect light at once baffled and concealed. The young man had just expressed his wish (which sounded more like an intention) to pay a short visit to London; and if Evelyn Armitage had been there she would have been sure this time that Mr. Heron was considering how far it was advisable or possible to clip young wings.

Apparently he came to the conclusion that it was not advisable in this case, for after a pause he answered: "It is an odd time of year to go up to town. You might have waited, I think, until you could take it on the road to your longer travels. But I suppose you will say that there are few young men of your age who have never been to town at all, and that to see London for the first time any season is good enough."

"You do not object to my going then?"

"No,—I suppose not. You had better put up at the old place, and I have still a few friends in town who will be glad to show you some attention."

"I know plenty of fellows up there, too, who were at college with me," answered the young man; and then, after a short silence, he went on. "Father, I think it is only right that I should tell you that I have heard from Edmund, and that he wishes me to go and see him. And,—I wish to go."

Mr. Heron's face did not change at the mention of that forbidden name. Features such as his are expressive but not mobile, and they merely looked now as if they had been always stern and lowering. But his words, when he answered after a somewhat lengthy pause, were not stern. "I have very seldom laid a direct command upon you, Cosmo. You could count upon your fingers the times when I have said to you, 'You shall not'; and I suppose three-and-twenty is too late to begin."

"I think so," answered Cosmo, very gravely. "It seems to me that I have a duty towards my brother, unless—Father! he told me to ask you what had been his offence towards you."

Mr. Heron started to his feet with a suppressed exclamation, then, as if putting a strong constraint upon himself, walked slowly once or twice up and down the room. When he spoke it was more slowly still. "He told you that, did he? Well, tell him from me that I told you nothing,—that I will tell you nothing."

The young man lifted his level dark brows till his blue eyes shone wide and perplexed beneath them. He was surprised: he might presently be angry; but for the present he was more hurt than either. "You reminded me just now that I was three-and-twenty," he said presently with studied quietness. "Surely that is old enough to begin to understand the miserable divisions,—"

at least, I mean, to know why my only brother is banished from his home and his place?"

"One would think it, Cosmo," answered his father with a kind of stern patience. "But I cannot help it. *He* must tell you what he likes, and as much as he likes; but I shall never tell you anything."

"Of course there is something in all this that I am not intended to understand," said Cosmo, with the usual momentary pause before he spoke. "But even in ignorance one may venture to remind you that eight years is a long time; that in Edmund's opinion, at least, there may have been faults on both sides——"

"Do you think I should hesitate to tell you of the quarrel because the fault was mine?" interrupted the Squire. He did not speak hurriedly, but his son's speech was so deliberate,—as if he were choosing his words and could find none to suit him,—that the interruption was easy.

"No," he answered more readily, "I know you too well for that."

"Then you know me well enough to know also that what I say is final. Others have formed conjectures on the subject, and I suppose you will naturally do the same; but neither to them nor to you will I ever tell the reason why my eldest son shall never enter these doors while I live,—nor, if I can help it, after I am gone."

There was no anger in Mr. Heron's manner, only a settled determination more impressive than any anger, and withal a kind of formality, as if he had rehearsed this scene many times in his own mind, and had settled with himself exactly what he should say.

"Is it true, then, that you wished him to join you in cutting off the entail?"

"It is true. It is the one desire of my life, and I shall never be content till he has done it."

"And you have never seen his wife and children?"

"Never; nor do I intend to do so."

"But do you know that they are miserably poor,—so he says,—and that

his allowance is not sufficient to support them?"

"He has what I promised him, what we agreed upon from the first. I cannot give him much more without injuring the estate, which I am naturally loth to do. As it is, you know how quietly we have always lived here. He has had more ready money year by year than ever you and I have spent between us. But I will give him more, as much more as I can in reason, if he will consent at once to break off the entail. Tell him *that* as well as the rest."

Mr. Heron's eyes glowed with eagerness as he turned in his walk up and down to face his son. It was impossible to look at him and to doubt that he was in earnest; impossible even to escape the conviction that he cared very little about the poverty of Edmund's family except so far as he saw in it a hope of achieving what he had set his mind on.

"Father, was it his marriage that parted you?" said Cosmo earnestly.

"I decline to answer yes or no to that question. His marriage did not please me; it would not have pleased any father in the circumstances. But I must refer you to himself,—to his own account of the matter."

His tone was full of curious deliberate bitterness. There was not only the self-restraint of the moment in it, but the self-restraint of years; and even one who knew him less thoroughly than his son did would have recognised that it was quite useless to ask him anything further. But after a moment or two he went on unasked: "I am glad, on the whole, that this has been brought forward now. It had to come sooner or later, and perhaps the sooner the better. You are young, Cosmo, in spite of those three-and-twenty years; but I think you have sense, and I know you have honesty,—integral honesty, I mean, not merely the negative quality that sometimes goes by that name. And I have always thought and hoped that sense and honesty carry with them a talisman to guard their owner. Time will show."

Cosmo did not speak, perhaps because the last words at once touched and perplexed him. Mr. Heron stood in brooding silence for a few minutes longer, and then asked, "When do you mean to go?"

"Next week. On Monday, if nothing happens to prevent it."

"Very well; what must be, must. If I tell you nothing, I send you to the only other person who knows all the circumstances, and you must be satisfied with what you learn from him."

The Squire laughed,—a real laugh, though a brief and bitter one—and then added in quite a different tone: "Don't be away too long, my lad. I will spare you for a year on your travels by and by; but of London at this time of year you may soon have enough. Will you be back in a week?"

"Most likely, perhaps even sooner."

Cosmo rose, wished his father good-night, and left the room; but just as he had passed the door, Mr. Heron followed him, and laid a hand heavily upon his arm as if to weigh what he was about to say. "Don't forget! Tell Edmund that I gave you no answer to that question he bade you ask. Perhaps he will be slow to believe it. Most men could not look in your face and doubt your words; I don't know whether he could. But you must *make* him believe it. And so go your way and God bless you!"

With that he went back into the library, and from that moment never alluded in the most distant way to the purpose of the young man's visit to London.

On the Monday morning, when the dogcart with Cosmo's luggage in it stood waiting by the gates, and the young man himself came leisurely down the steps, Mr. Heron merely nodded from the garden door where he was smoking his morning pipe, and shouted a cheery good-bye from that distance. Cosmo made his adieux equally brief and business-like, and went his way. It seemed a very matter-of-fact parting, but one who knew all might have

guessed at a certain pathos in the situation,—a clinging on both sides to the fiction that this was but a few days' severance like any other.

Twelve miles of road and more than ten times as many of rail left but little of the day by the time Cosmo had arrived at the old-fashioned hotel that Mr. Heron had referred to as "the old place." According to Cosmo's ideas, the unknown wife needed to be treated with ceremony, and therefore he merely sent a line to Fifteen Burton Road, telling his brother that he had come up to town and intended to look him up the following afternoon or evening. That being done, he stepped out into the golden smoky light of the late summer evening, with eyes bright with an eagerness hardly acknowledged to himself,—to see the world.

To see life, in the old-fashioned sense of the word, he had not the smallest desire. Half tenderly, half in mockery, Edmund Heron had spoken of his brother as being "a very good boy;" and a good boy Cosmo had certainly been, both at school and college, though a kind of oddity and independence about him had saved him from the terrible imputation of prig-gishness. His principles, whatever they might be, were so much a part of himself that he was neither proud nor ashamed of them; but apart from these, a kind of inborn fastidiousness had prevented him from finding any charm in much that his fellows hankered after. Much forbidden fruit is considered sweet just because it is forbidden; but Cosmo had so seldom been denied in his life, that for him that zest was most often lacking, and the fruit in consequence not worth the gathering. Thus a more innocent and inexperienced young man has seldom stepped forth at three-and-twenty into the streets of London, with money in his pockets and leisure on his hands. The Sir Mulberry Hawkes of the period might have enjoyed a flutter of pleasant excitement if they had known of his arrival. But every inexperienced young man is

not a pigeon, and to strike at a heron is not always safe sport, as many a hawk has found to his cost.

Cosmo had, as he had said to his father, more than one friend and acquaintance in town; but on this first night he did not want to be introduced to London by any one. It was far more exciting to wander about by himself, recognising familiar names on the street corners, and feeling the roar and the rumble and the stir around him like the pulses of the great world's great heart. So he wandered on with considerable enjoyment, losing his way, finding it, losing it again, until bedtime. The next morning he repeated these simple pleasures; and then in the afternoon he set off with cheerful confidence to walk to Canonbury.

It was not long before he perceived by the contradictory directions given him that he was attempting something unusual. But native obstinacy made him persevere for a considerable time before he owned himself weary of tramping these unknown pavements, and, surrendering himself to a hansom cab, at last arrived at his destination.

Number Fifteen, Burton Road, Canonbury, was at first sight exactly like Number Fourteen and Number Sixteen, and every other number from one up to sixty. On both sides of the street the lean, shabby little houses, with four steep steps leading up to each narrow front door, looked as if they had grown taller and thinner by stretching to look over the heads of their opposite neighbours,—a mutual desire that had met with a mutual defeat.

Cosmo had taught himself to expect something very uninviting, and Burton Road only realised his expectations. But he was a little dismayed to notice that Number Fifteen was conspicuously shabbier than most of its neighbours, and that want of prosperity was written on its threshold so plainly that the most careless traveller could hardly fail to read it.

It was some time after the visitor's bell had finished its cracked tinkle before the door opened, and when it

did his eyes at first glanced into an apparently empty passage. On bringing them down several feet they rested on a very small, very neat little person, who from her stature might have been four, and from her face might have been twice that age,—as indeed she was, or nearly. In wondering speculation as to how she could possibly have opened the door Cosmo did not speak for a moment, whereupon she said in the smallest, and clearest of voices: "Please, what do you want?"

If a creature of that size could open the door no doubt she could perform the other duties of a parlour-maid, so, hat in hand, Cosmo inquired respectfully if Mr. Heron lived there, and if he were at home.

"I think father has gone out to meet you," answered the little lady, gravely eying him. "But he said, if he missed you and you came, you were to come in, and he would be back very soon."

Cosmo stepped into the narrow entry, and would have closed the door behind him, but that he perceived by the eagerness with which she grasped it that his tiny guide regarded that as her own duty and privilege. She banged the door accordingly and began to mount the steep staircase, slowly and laboriously. Halfway up she paused. "Please," she said, "are you Uncle Cosmo?"

Hitherto Cosmo had looked upon Edmund's wife and children as something that concerned Edmund alone; but now he suddenly realised that they were his own relations also, that he had in fact a sister-in-law and four nieces whom he had never seen. As regarded the sister-in-law he had misgivings; but this little niece seemed to be a very surprising but on the whole desirable possession.

"If you are Mr. Heron's little girl, I am certainly Uncle Cosmo," he answered smiling, but with a gravity equal to her own.

Looking back at him from the upper step that she had gained she smiled also,—a little sober smile that showed a bewitching dimple in one small round cheek. "Mr. Heron is my papa," she

said ; " but he has some much littler girls than me."

On the face of it that did not appear probable, though stated in a very convincing manner. The stairs were so steep, and the little feet seemed to find it such hard work to scale them, that Cosmo would have dearly liked to take her in his arms and carry her to the top, but it seemed unlikely that she would permit such a liberty on so short an acquaintance. The landing was reached at last, and she successfully struggled with the handle of one of the two doors that opened on to its confined space. " Mamma," she said, " it is a gentleman ; and he says he is Uncle Cosmo."

A small, slender woman rose hastily from her seat at this announcement, and for an instant she and Cosmo stood looking at each other, both too much interested to remember the ordinary forms of greeting.

At first sight, as she stood with her back to the light, she looked very young, almost girlish. A second glance showed that her face was very thin,—so thin as to have little left but the remains of what must once have been great prettiness if not real beauty ; that her smooth fair hair was very thin also, and arranged in a way that was evidently less becoming now than it had been when she first adopted it, when those tresses were twice as abundant ; and, moreover, that it was probably not illness but time, and the wear and tear that time had wrought, that had so far worn away her youthful comeliness. There was something girlish in her manner and in the sweet but half-frightened smile with which she held out her hand after that momentary pause, and hurriedly assured her visitor that she was very glad to see him.

Cosmo took from her the chair that she was dragging forward for his accommodation, and stood with his hand resting on the back of it, until she perceived that he would not sit down till she did, whereupon she abandoned her attempts to put the room in order and went hastily back to her seat.

Then Cosmo was convinced of the truth of his new acquaintance's statement as to the " littler girls" than herself. She was standing now by her mother's side, and near her was a smaller edition of herself, while on the floor, behind Mrs. Edmund Heron's chair, engrossed with a box of bricks, were two creatures compared with whom the tiny elder sister looked the tall young woman she evidently believed herself to be. Seeing the young man's eyes drawn towards them, with surprise and interest not unmixed with dismay, the mother drew them forward and presented them, beginning with the youngest. " This is baby May ; she is nearly a year old, though she is so small," she said, with a quaint mingling of pride and apology in her tone. " And this is Dolly, who is nearly three, and Ella, who is five, and Mona has claimed you for an uncle already. Her real name is Monica, but somehow Mona seems enough for her till she grows a little bigger."

They were not shy. They gathered round Cosmo, as their mother gently motioned them towards him, and stood looking at him with grave interest. The three younger ones were like their mother, but had their father's eyes ; while Mona had a miniature copy of the short face and long nose of the Herons,—which gave her baby-prettiness the quaintest old-fashioned air—but with it a pair of beautiful blue-gray eyes that seemed to Cosmo like her mother's, but in reality, if he had but known it, were the very duplicates of his own.

The young man eyed them doubtfully but admiringly. " I am not used to children," he said. " No one about us has got any. Will they be afraid of me if I touch them ? "

" Not at all, I should say," answered his sister-in-law, with her sweet anxious smile ; and Cosmo, encouraged by finding that they weighed nothing and looked upon him with favour, took one in each arm and set them proudly on his knees. There, with a little encouragement, they began to talk, both together or one at a time, but equally

unintelligibly in either case, while their elders were glad of the occupation, Mrs. Edmund Heron acting as interpreter and Cosmo listening as to the talk of a new world,—the world of Lilliput.

Naturally he did not know what to say to this sister-in-law who was in many respects so unlike his anticipations. It seemed almost insulting to speak to her as to an everyday acquaintance, and yet it was hardly for him to begin on more intimate topics. As for her, Edmund Heron's wife must often have thought of what she would like to say to her husband's relations should Fate ever give her an opportunity; and yet, now that the chance had come, she might well be ashamed or afraid to speak of those wrongs and slights and disappointed hopes, the memory of which was crowding other thoughts from her brain.

Meanwhile Cosmo was receiving impressions. A woman would not have been two minutes in that room without seeing that it meant poverty,—poverty made the best of, but pinching and habitual. But to his masculine perceptions it looked cheerful and comfortable enough to be quite reassuring. There was nothing that was new, and little that had ever been costly; but with a piano and plenty of books a room can hardly look absolutely poverty-stricken. The children at any rate were most daintily clad; even Cosmo's unaccustomed eyes could judge of that. As to the cost of such things, his ideas were of course of the vaguest, but from their shining silken heads to the toes of their absurdly small slippers they gave him a general impression that just so little children should look. Only why were they so small? Could they ever grow up to be full-sized women? Or was the air of Canonbury not favourable to growth? He could not question his sister-in-law on those points, but he could and did study the character and habits of these hitherto unknown specimens of humanity, with the same keen observation and kindly patience with which

he studied bird and beast on the moors around Ernoston.

Glancing up presently he saw Mrs. Edmund looking at the door behind him, with her wistful, deprecating smile, and turning he saw his brother standing there, watching the group, with eyes that, as he came forward, were seen to be bright with tears.

"Sit still," he said, laying his left hand on Cosmo's shoulder as his right grasped his brother's in a firm significant clasp. "Sit still for just one moment more. I have sometimes fancied you like that, since the little lasses grew to be the jolliest of playthings. Only, I fancied you a boy, instead of a man as tall as myself."

"No one is so tall as our papa," said Ella with grave conviction.

"What, no one?" cried Edmund Heron, laughing as if he too would be glad to cover grave thoughts by a little childish chatter. "The giant at the Crystal Palace perhaps; but not a youngster like Uncle Cosmo, whom I remember no bigger than you! Get out of the way, midgets, and let us see how near he can measure to my inches."

He caught up the two tiny creatures, one in each hand, and tossed them high in the air for a moment before lowering them casually into his wife's lap. They laughed with delight, while she merely drew a quick hard breath and said nothing. One might fancy that it was her way to gasp and say nothing, while he handled those fragile treasures of hers with somewhat reckless tenderness.

Cosmo leisurely rose, and they stood back to back. Edmund stretched himself to his full height, appealing to his wife, and grumbling like any schoolboy when his younger brother proved to be a good half-inch the taller. Then, turning, he held him at arm's length and looked him over from head to foot. "I can't say how glad I am to see you," he said earnestly. "Can one have hated one's home and yet be homesick? I think I was. But here's the best part of home come to us; and we'll be jolly, and forget Burton Road outside. How did you get here?"

"I was reduced to a hansom," answered Cosmo in his deliberate fashion, speaking almost for the first time, "after finding myself in almost every other part of London."

"Ah, I thought as much! I meant to call for you at those antiquated diggings you have chosen, and be your guide here; but I was detained so long that I missed you. Very clever of you to have found your way here, and quite as clever of me,—if you did but know it,—to have found out your address, for nobody goes there nowadays."

"The neighbourhood is tolerably populous with nobodies, and I am quite content to be one of them," said Cosmo tranquilly. "It is quite enough to be anywhere in London, after having lived all these years without seeing it."

"I suppose so," answered Edmund Heron, with a keen affectionate glance of inquiry. "I am not surprised that you have never been to town before; the only marvel is that you are here at last. Now, come with me to my own little den and let us have a talk. Margaret, we must have some kind of little jollification over this auspicious event, and all the babies are to sit up for it."

He put his arm through his brother's as he spoke and drew him from the room, while his wife's protest, if she made any, was lost in the sound of the closing door and a jubilant chorus of sweet shrill voices.

The den was down stairs, a tiny room looking towards the back of the house, and as they entered it Edmund motioned with his hand towards the only other door on that level. "That should be our best and most convenient room," he said, "if one may speak of convenience at all in such a house as this. But the exigencies of the case compel us to let it, with one of the rooms up stairs. Luckily the lodger is a personal friend, so things are not so bad as they might be; but sometimes I feel as though I had not room to stretch myself, hardly to breathe."

There was certainly hardly space for a tall man to stretch himself in the room into which he now conducted

Cosmo; but the outlook was slightly more cheerful than that from the front of the house, and the cabin-like proportions of the place were made the best of by a most convenient writing-table, a revolving chair, and a couple of low book-shelves.

"This is my workshop," said Edmund, installing his brother in the only other chair, which was also an easy one. "Here I write, and get up uninteresting subjects, and do what I can to keep the wolf from the door. On the whole I hate this room less than the rest of the house, and it does my heart good to see you in it. Now!—you smoke, of course? I have had to give up cigars long since: cigars and four children are incompatible, at any rate in Canonbury; but I can find you some tobacco worth smoking."

"I smoke,—about once a month," said Cosmo. "Here I may begin to care more for it; but I seldom find that one requires soothing at Herne's Edge."

"Dear old Herne's Edge! I suppose I look back upon it as the Bastille man did upon his cell, for I hated it as a prison while I was there, and I could never make any one understand how I have often yearned after it since I left it. How still it was on those evenings when I met you there! This place is not alive enough to be noisy; but in the last fortnight I have heard the roar and the rumble all round as I never heard it for years before. Living up there you must surely have needed a pipe for occupation as well as soothing, haven't you?"

The elder brother was affectionately busy over his own at that moment, and merely looked up to push the tobacco jar across the table to Cosmo; who smiled and shook his head, as if he had found such occupation not sufficiently enticing to persevere long with it.

"And how about the happy couple?" went on Edmund, in no hurry for his part to begin on the subject that was in both their minds, perhaps because Cosmo's presence there had already told him what most imported him to know. "Have you heard from them yet?"

"Twice, from Emily. They are coming home next week."

"You must miss Emily very much at the Edge. I cannot imagine her as anything but a baby; but I suppose she was lady of the house before she went away?"

"Not altogether. Mrs. Carson reigns supreme in the housekeeping department, as she did twenty years ago; and my father never realised, I think, that Emily was grown up, until James Brotherton came to ask leave to marry her."

Again the mention of his cousin's name brought a slight cloud over the young man's face, and his brother's observant eyes noted it, though he made no sign.

"Edmund," went on Cosmo after a moment, with some effort, "I asked my father, as you bade me, what was the cause of quarrel between him and you; and he would tell me nothing. He sent a special message to you. I was to be sure and tell you that he had told me nothing."

"I thought as much," said Edmund Heron very quietly. "I did not think he would tell you. I suppose he said that he referred you to me, and that you must be satisfied with my account of the affair."

"That was exactly what he said."

"I expected it. But my account of the affair you have already had. I broke his rules,—petty irritating rules that not one young man in ten would have tried to keep. And I married without his knowledge, knowing full well that he would never have given his consent. If he had ever loved me he would have found it easy enough to forgive me. As it is, perhaps I ought not to blame him for not having done so. From his point of view I suppose he would say that he had acted liberally by me in continuing my allowance. I may remember for my part that, if he had not, he would not have propounded his precious compact about the entail, or bound me down under pains and penalties not to raise money by post-obits. To be saved from the workhouse or from absolute starvation is certainly

something; he may think that it ought to content me."

There was something rather terrible to Cosmo in hearing his father thus upbraided in a voice so like his father's, with an unconscious reproduction of his father's tricks of speech and manner. And all the more so because Edmund was evidently trying to keep himself in hand, to be fair and judicial in his wrath. The room was too small for pacing up and down in after the fashion of a caged lion, and he merely sat still and tore a piece of paper into a thousand shreds, looking at them as they fell on his writing-table rather than at his listener.

"He also bade me tell you," said Cosmo slowly, "that he would at once increase your allowance, as far as his resources would permit, if you would consent at once to break off the entail."

"To sell my birthright like Esau!" muttered Edmund, resting his chin upon his hands and staring straight before him. "It is a temptation; I wonder if he knows how sore a temptation. But suppose it was my son's birthright that I sold; how could I ever look him in the face? The little lasses will never reproach me whatever I do. Perhaps I ought to do it for their sakes; but my son, if I have one! Well, I must think it over. Sometimes I wish that the ten years were gone, and that I had been forced to decide one way or the other."

The younger brother did not speak, and the elder, looking suddenly round and catching the expression of his face, spoke in an altered tone. "Never mind, Cosmo! I know well enough that it is no fault of yours, that you would not profit by my misfortunes if you could help it. Before you go away I shall show how completely I trust you by telling you the exact state of the case and asking your advice; but I can't trust myself to go through it all now. By the way, have you ever said anything of this to my mother?"

"Not a word. We never discuss family matters."

"Better not, perhaps. I doubt whether she could or would tell you anything more about the affair than my father has done. Let's put it all aside for the present and be jolly, now you have come."

He gathered up a handful of papers, —they might not be bills but they looked only too like it—and thrust them into his letter-case; then swung round his chair and looked at his brother with the determined smile of one not unused to thrust an unpleasant subject to the background of his thoughts.

"*Vogue la galère!*" he said. "I wonder if the little refection up stairs is prepared yet. Come along and let us see, and lend a hand if necessary. By the way, I wonder if Geoff is in yet."

He started up, threw open the door, crossed the narrow hall at one step, and knocked at the other door, opening it at the same instant. "Hallo, old man, are you there?" he cried. "Come along, we want you up stairs. My brother's come, and you must be introduced, and we are going to make a night of it with the babies."

"All right," responded another voice. "Wait till I get my coat on, and make myself comparatively respectable. Work done? No; I can never work properly on this side of midnight. Sheer waste of time sitting down to try, but I was not in the humour to go out. There! I'm at your service."

Over Edmund's shoulder Cosmo caught sight of the lodger, an appendage to his brother's household which it had been rather a shock to hear of. There was little in the newcomer's appearance to reconcile any one to his presence. A tall, rather uncouth individual, in figure and face much like an overgrown schoolboy, but with lines about the eyes and forehead that no schoolboy ever had. They were very honest eyes, with something of a dog's wistfulness in the expression; the mouth was firm and resolute, but the rest of the face was plain enough, and not improved

by a look of shyness, verging upon sulkiness, as it is apt to do with schoolboys either of smaller or larger growth.

"You needn't have told me he was your brother," he remarked, in the rather gruff voice which Cosmo had heard across the passage. "He is as like you as one of two peas; like enough to be owned anywhere."

"Possibly," answered Edmund gaily. "But you may not be so easily recognisable as my friend,—staunch friend as you have always been to me! Therefore, Cosmo, let me introduce to you my friend, Mr. Geoffrey Pierce, a gentleman who is of a literary turn, as I am myself, but more thorough-going and deservedly more successful. And now let's go up stairs."

The room up stairs had rather less the appearance of a nursery than before, and looked as if some kind of meal might be expected. Dinner it could hardly be, since the babies were to share it, and for tea it was too late according to Cosmo's ideas of that refreshment. But it was not the preparations on the small round table that first caught the young man's eye, but a figure that had not been in the room when he saw it first.

By the window, holding the youngest child but one in her arms, stood a young girl who looked hardly more than a child herself. Her dress had perhaps aimed at womanly length and style, but had hardly succeeded in that ambition, and her figure had the undeveloped grace of girlhood. A fair, innocent, and rather grave face, with a quantity of light brown hair hanging down her back in one immense plait, completed the impression, and made her pale, rather straight muslin gown look as if it might be, or ought to be, a pinafore. Like a child, too, she glanced round at them as they entered, and then turned away again as if the stranger were no concern of hers, directing Dolly's attention through the open window to something going on in the street below, as if she neither expected nor wished for anything in the way of introduction.

Edmund made a voyage of discovery round the room, inspected his wife's preparations with an air of good-humoured disparagement,—picked up a child and gave it to Cosmo "to play with,"—provided himself with another for the same purpose,—and finally arrived at the window.

"Ha, Althea!" he said, as if he had but just noticed her presence. "Cosmo, this is my wife's sister, Miss Althea Randolph."

Then she turned, and looked at them both. Her eyes at least were not those of a child. They were of no colour in particular, but like wells of dark clear water; their depth made them seem full of expression, though of what it would have been hard to say just then. "How do you do?" she murmured indifferently, in answer to Cosmo's greeting, then smiled in answer to the nod and smile that Mr. Pierce bestowed on her. The smile was like her sister's, without the touch of fear and anxiety in it, and made her look so lovable a child that Cosmo instinctively drew a little nearer to her and the tiny creature she held.

"I envy you your boldness," he said, glancing at the one that Edmund had put into his own arms. "I am not used to playthings of this sort. I am dreadfully afraid I shall drop it and break it."

"I am not 'it,' I am 'she,'" remarked his little burden with decomposing clearness and dignity. "If I am too heavy, you may put me down."

"Too heavy! I could hold you on one hand if I wasn't afraid of not balancing you properly. *Do* they ever break, Miss Randolph?"

"Sometimes,—little fractures," she answered, with a shy gleam of amusement.

"And who mends them again?"

"I do very often, with sticking-plaster and kisses."

"Of course she does," put in Mona gravely; "because she is a very useful auntie. And it makes mother frightened when we tumble down stairs."

"I don't wonder," said Cosmo fervently, restraining her with some care, as she craned forward in his arms to look out of the window. Then he asked himself, "Does she live here too? If so Edmund has even a larger family than he owned; but I can understand that he would not ever seem to complain."

At this moment Mrs. Edmund Heron entered the room, followed by a little maid-servant carrying a large tray. In a moment or two she timidly announced that tea was ready; and then her husband looking round appeared to miss something. "Why, where's the baby?" he cried. "Gone to bed? That's an infringement of the agreement and I won't submit to it. I shall go and fetch her down."

"Edmund," said his wife imploringly, "indeed it is not good for her. And she is quietly asleep now."

"Nonsense! she is always awake when I go for her. And they can sleep like Rip Van Winkle in the morning if necessary. I don't want them then. Now, Cosmo, you shall see what a darling she is in her night-gown."

He hurried out of the room with a laughing eagerness that somehow took away whatever want of grace there might have seemed in his disregard of his wife's desire. And indeed when he came back, the sight was almost pretty enough to excuse him. Judging by the little one's flushed face and heavy eyes she had really been asleep; but she was not fractious at being disturbed, only clinging about her father's neck and surveying the company with drowsy but smiling satisfaction.

"Did your bachelor mind ever dream of anything as pretty as this, Cosmo?" said Edmund, proudly displaying both little dimpled feet in one of his hands, and holding the tiny white figure close to his breast, while the little thing half hid her laughing face against him, as if the gaze of so many admiring masculine eyes somewhat discomposed her.

"You had better come to me, Ella," said Mr. Pierce gravely. "Father

doesn't want a great girl like you now he has got baby."

"I don't mind," she answered; "I like you quite as well. You are better to have things in your pockets; but you don't throw us up to the ceiling so nicely."

Miss Mona now intimated her pleasure. She must have her own tall chair, but she would sit by Uncle Cosmo. And so they sat down to the nondescript meal,—coffee and rolls and sausage, a bottle of thin claret, and broiled chicken with watercresses,—which last dish, to judge from the hot flush on her smooth worn cheek, their hostess had made intimate acquaintance with before it appeared on the table.

"We don't dine, Cosmo," said Edmund easily, as he helped his brother. "No one dines in Canonbury, as far as I can discover. We feed when we are hungry like savages; and as one generally begins to be hungry about this time in the evening we get something to eat, as you see. Make the best of it for the present, and you can repair deficiencies when you get back to your place."

"Do the people who *do* dine eat when they are not hungry then?" asked his sister-in-law. "If so, I think the savages have the best of it."

"My dear Althea," he answered in the same half-laughing manner, "this is a subject that very few women understand, and certainly no woman of your age. Women, as far as I can judge, simply eat to keep themselves alive,—and not always enough for that. Margaret, my dear, you have got nothing! Consequently it is only after years of education that they begin to understand civilised wants in this respect."

Nothing could be lighter or more good-tempered than his tone; yet his wife looked a little distressed, as if all this was a reflection upon her arrangements; and her sister seemed ready to fire up, either in defence of her or of the whole female sex. But either purposely or accidentally Mr.

Pierce struck in with a new subject, and the talk flowed on rather unevenly, for some of the oddly assorted party had too little in common to have much to say to one another, and some had much to say that could not be said there or then.

Baby May, after being tickled awake by her father two or three times, finally fell fast asleep in his arms, while her mother eyed her wistfully, but said nothing. After a moment or two Althea Randolph rose and took her away, so quickly and suddenly, that Edmund had no time to do more than give her an odd half-laughing look, such as one bestows on a spoiled child who presumes on a stranger's presence to do what it knows cannot just then be resented.

The meal once over the other children were allowed to disappear one by one without protest from their father, who was deep in a literary conversation with Mr. Pierce, while Cosmo sat by, silent but not uninterested. Presently, in the midst of a sentence, Edmund started up. "Look here! I was forgetting," he said. "I have half an hour's work that must be done, and then I propose that we go out and finish the evening somewhere. What do you say, Pierce? You'll join us, of course. Just be considering which of the theatres my brother and the girls would like best, and I'll get done as quickly as I can. Tell Margaret when she comes back that she and her sister are to come, whether the babies are packed off to bed first or not."

He vanished as he spoke, and Cosmo and Geoffrey Pierce were left alone to entertain each other; the man to whom London was the world and the man to whom, till the day before, it had been only a name. Cosmo had seldom any difficulty in entering into talk with a stranger, but he did not find his present companion very conversational. His curt dry remarks might have seemed almost discourteous but for the strange wistful look with which his eyes seemed to search Cosmo's face the while, a look

that showed as much interest as his speech showed lack of it. He did not become any more responsive as the talk went on; and when presently Mrs. Edmund came back into the room he dived into the newspaper, ostensibly to see what was going on in the theatres, and emerged from it no more.

Mrs. Heron took a seat beside her brother-in-law, and spoke with her air of timid cordiality. "Edmund tells me you are going out to the theatre with him to-night, and of course you will not care to come out all this way again afterwards. But you will come to-morrow, will you not, and spend the day with us? I only wish we had a room to offer you,—but——"

"Thanks, you are very good," answered Cosmo, feeling it a kindness to interrupt her. "Of course I will come to-morrow. But you and your sister are coming with us to-night, are you not?"

"Oh no, no; I,—I don't go out; I don't care for such things. And indeed we could not both go out and leave the children, and Althea will not go without me."

Through the thin partition wall could be heard the sound of childish voices, somewhat peevish and weary, and of one sweet girlish voice, soothing, scolding, singing nursery ditties merrily enough.

"Your sister lives here with you?" said the young man interrogatively. "That must be very pleasant for you all."

"Ah, yes, indeed! I don't know what the babies and I would do without her."

Something in the quiver of her worn face, as if tears were nearer her eyes than was altogether natural or desirable, confirmed Cosmo's suspicions that life was hard upon this new-found sister-in-law. And with that, lowering his voice a little, he spoke at once to the point, after a fashion of his own. "Will you think it impertinent if I call you Margaret? I don't know how one should address his brother's wife, but 'Mrs. Edmund' sounds wrong,

somehow, and 'Mrs. Heron' belongs to another person. May I call you Margaret?"

"Certainly, of course, if you like."

"Then, Margaret, you must try and forgive me,—the neglect of all these years. It has not been altogether my fault, and I have come now on purpose to see what I can do to put things right."

"I,—I never thought it was *your* fault," she said. "Things have seemed hard, sometimes; I don't know whether I ought to have expected them to be different."

"Nor do I," he answered conclusively. "Remember, please, that I never knew how things were, that I can hardly say I know now. But I am Edmund's only brother, not a stranger; and I think you may reckon on me for whatever a brother can do."

She looked at him with an expression in her pretty hollow eyes curiously like that which Mr. Pierce had worn,—a wistful question, but what it asked of him Cosmo could not guess as yet. And at that moment Edmund came back, elated at having got through his work, and good-humouredly indignant at finding that his wife and her sister did not mean to accompany them.

"Well, if you won't, you won't, as I know of old," he ended smiling, after a good deal of objurgation and abuse of the ill-timed conscientiousness of womankind. "And now, Pierce, if you've made up your mind, it's time we were off, isn't it? Come along, Cosmo."

On the landing he paused again, and his face softened and brightened. "One peep, if you are not bored already," he said apologetically, and opened a door which displayed a small poorly furnished bedroom in which was a bed with a cot on either side of it.

Beside one of the cots sat Althea Randolph, and against her shoulder lay a small white creature which had crawled half-way out of bed to embrace her, and had for some mysterious reason chosen to go to sleep in that attitude. On the pillow and in the other cot lay

the other three, in various attitudes of childish grace. The young girl turned her head as they entered and lifted her finger warningly, looking at them as Cosmo had seen a mother-bird sitting motionless but watchful on her nest while an intruding hand drew near. Edmund Heron smiled at her and shook his head, then kissed each little rose-leaf cheek, as if in defiance of her mute warning, and adroitly withdrew, followed by Cosmo, just as a little sleepy, half-waked voice was beginning to murmur his name.

The pretty picture was so new to Cosmo that it stayed with him for a while, in spite of the novelty of all his surroundings. But he could not help thinking also that it was very generous of Edmund to maintain his wife's sister in spite of his own poverty, and that the young lady seemed hardly so cordial towards Edmund as in the circumstances she ought to be.

At the theatre presently any one might have supposed the real state of things to have been reversed. Edmund Heron, in light-hearted forgetfulness of his cares and wrongs, was laughing like a boy over the humours of the piece, and even his grave friend uttered an occasional short explosive chuckle at some particularly happy allusion; while between the two sat Cosmo in his impassive attitude, with head thrown back and eyes reflectively observant above his long nose, amused in a certain fashion by the play, but thinking less of it than of Edmund, and pondering between whiles many weighty matters.

And meanwhile, at home in Burton Road, Mrs. Heron was talking to her sister with nervous eagerness, and sobs that seemed to have less to do with sorrow than with a joyful agitation shaken by doubt and fear.

"Oh, Thea, do you think he means it? He looks good and kind and true; he looked at the children as if he was sorry for them. And Edmund said he could do anything with his father! Do you think he means it, or is he only like—like all the rest of men?"

"I don't know," answered the young girl, and her tone was a little hard, but the hands with which she stroked and caressed her sister's down-bent head were very tender. "He looks good and kind, as you say; but it is impossible to tell with a—with men, I mean. You ought not to *need* kindness, from him or any one."

"Perhaps not; but I've no pride left. If only some one would help us, for the sake of the children!—and he looks as if he might. I think if no help had come I should have died. Don't tell me that it hasn't come after all!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE rest of Cosmo's brief visit to town was spent chiefly in Burton Road, regardless of the fact that most of his acquaintances would have declined to allow that locality to be called town at all. He became very much at home there, talking with Edmund and playing with the children. And he was so silent, so courteous, and so imperturbable that even the women soon found him very little in the way, and began to pay him the compliment of behaving as if he were not there.

It was evidently a delight to Edmund to have him about the house, and the brothers spent a good deal of their time together in the den; Edmund dawdling, pretending to work, and at intervals talking about Herne's Edge and old times and places, while Cosmo looked up facts and prepared statistics and did a great deal towards the completion of one or other of the semi-scientific or historical papers with which his brother supplied two or three second-rate periodicals. He found the work pleasant enough to wonder why Edmund should find it so irksome, but then, as Edmund truly remarked, it was a very different matter when you came to do the same sort of thing two or three times a week. The daily "*London Letter*," which appeared simultaneously in two

or three fourth-rate provincial papers, Edmund and Mr. Pierce prepared between them; and Cosmo was far too ignorant of such things to be of any use there. But he could not help perceiving that Mr. Pierce's share of the work was far the larger, and wondering whether the pay was shared in equal ratio. Mr. Pierce did not apparently intend to admit his friend's brother into the same intimacy, but drifted into it in spite of himself, as the newcomer insisted on sharing their work and their interests. When he was by, Cosmo had always a sense of being studied and wondered at; but in time he grew used to it, and learned to like "the lodger" far better than he had at first expected.

Geoffrey Pierce looked older than Edmund and often acted as if he were old enough to be his friend's father, but on inquiry he proved to be some years younger than he looked. He seldom spoke of himself, and never of his relations; but Edmund said that he was of good family, though poor enough, and not on friendly terms with his people, who were no nearer of kin than uncles, aunts, cousins, and a stepfather who was "less than kind." Whatever his family may have been, he seemed less of an alien in Canonbury than Edmund, and did not chafe so much at his circumstances, though he was not conspicuously cheerful.

Edmund never came to the full explanation of his position that he had promised his brother, though he dropped hints and allusions that made the state of affairs tolerably clear. Cosmo would have pressed him to be more explicit, but could not forget that after all they had been practically strangers for many years, and that Edmund was by several years the elder. The more painful his brother's predicament, the harder it was to force him to put it plainly into words. Cosmo could not help suspecting that he was deep in debt, and meanwhile it was but too evident that there was not money enough available for comfort, hardly for necessities. Mrs.

Heron seemed to work like a slave from morning till night, but she devoted herself chiefly to her children, regarding many things as necessary for them which some wealthier mothers are content to be without. What time she had to spare from them she gave to making her husband comfortable; and in everything not immediately affecting him or the babies the household expenses seemed to be cut down to starvation point.

The shifts and contrivances and negations of poor people's lives were something quite new to Cosmo. Sometimes he found himself uneasily wondering whether they really made the best of the allowance that his father regarded as sufficient; and again,—new and painful though it was for him to blame his father on any account—a thrill of indignation went through him at the sight of his sister-in-law's sweet tired face as she toiled on at some wearisome unsuitable task, while he remembered how the Squire had not only refused to see her but declined, as it seemed, to recognise her very existence.

He had quite made up his mind as to what he must do and say when he reached home again, though he fancied he was still deliberating and weighing the matter with all due caution. Meanwhile he had on his mind two difficulties which must be solved before he left town,—that is before the week he had allowed himself had quite expired. The first was, how to leave behind him, for the relief of immediate necessities and without hurting any one's feelings, every penny that he happened to have just now at his disposal. The next, less important but quite as near his heart, was to find some means of giving a treat,—a day of unforgettable delight,—to the little lasses, to whom he had quite lost his heart, and who, tenderly as they were reared and cared for, seemed to him far too quiet and too subdued for the real enjoyment of childhood. There was no time to be lost. He had but one more entire

day, and finally he decided to apply to the same person for advice and help in both his difficulties.

It was not an easy matter to catch Althea Randolph alone and at leisure. There was a kind of tacit understanding that the women of the household were not to be interfered with early in the day, and indeed Cosmo had never seen her anywhere about the house until late in the afternoon. And then the children were always clinging about her, and her sister not far off, to say nothing of Edmund and Geoffrey Pierce who were liable to appear at any moment. But Cosmo was not easily baffled, and in his new position as favourite uncle it was not difficult to get himself commanded to appear by little Mona's bedside to say good-night, after all the babies had been put to bed. As he had foreseen, Althea was sitting beside the cot, waiting till the imperious small creatures should see fit to go to sleep; and as they dozed off one by one there was nothing to prevent his lingering and entering into a low-voiced conversation with her, though her wide grave eyes full of astonishment seemed to say that she could not imagine what he should wish to talk about.

"You see, I want you to advise me," he began, with inconsequent simplicity. "There are things about which it is more difficult to speak to one's brother than to a stranger,—especially to an elder brother. And I am ashamed to look your sister in the face almost, because we, as a family, have behaved so badly to her." He paused an instant, not waiting for her to contradict him, which she did not attempt to do, but trying to frame his next speech as carefully as possible, and blushing a little over it. "I shall intercede with my father, of course, but I can't tell how much use that may be. Meanwhile, I have not much in my power at this moment; and I can't offer money to Edmund or your sister,—money that perhaps ought to be theirs as a right. But if you would be so very good as to take

it, and use it in any way that would be best for them,—that would add a little to their comfort and the comfort of the house,—you can't think how grateful I should be to you."

He looked round and ascertained that the children were all asleep, then in a furtive, half-ashamed fashion slid ten sovereigns into the hand that lay upon her lap, while she looked at them and at him in frank astonishment. "Am I to take care of all this?" she whispered in an almost awestruck tone. "Oh, what will Margaret say?"

"Spend it, please, or give it to her, or do just what you think best with it," said Cosmo hurriedly. "You know much better than I do how to get a little comfort out of it, trifling as it is. And now, please, I want you to help me in something else."

"Of course I will, if I can."

Her voice was unsteady, and Cosmo's keen eyes saw so plainly tears running down her half-averted cheeks that he rather lost his presence of mind. "Oh, look here!—have I hurt you in any way?" he asked, distressed. "I am clumsy,—I don't know how to put things,—but indeed I didn't mean to vex you."

"You haven't, indeed you haven't," she faltered eagerly. "It's only,—Margaret will be so glad! And it will be so splendid to take her such a relief—just what I have so often dreamed of doing, and thought it could never come true. Go on, please; what do you want me to do?"

"I want the children to have a day of rejoicing,—I want to hear them scream with delight. They are the most delightful little creatures, but they don't make half noise enough. When I remember the row that Emily and I used to make, tearing about the old garden at home,—but these children have never had a garden to rush about in. Can you tell me what would be most likely to make them scream?"

"The one thing most people desire of children is that they should *not*

scream," answered Althea, with her clear eyes full at once of tears and laughter; "but I see what you want. Do you think the Zoo might do?"

"Capitally,—but haven't they seen it?"

"Oh no! They have never seen anything more than half a mile from Canonbury."

"The Zoo it shall be then, and let us hope for a fine day to-morrow. Are you prepared to help me and to be responsible for the whole lot of us?"

"Yes, I think so," she said, considering. "I think I can manage it. I could arrange to get off by three o'clock if that will do."

"Then will you ask their mother's permission?"

"Yes; but won't you ask her yourself?"

"Not on any account. I am sure she would not trust me; and it would be very foolish of her if she did." He rose to go, and she laid her hand for one instant on his arm.

"I haven't thanked you yet! I don't know what to say. Margaret shall speak for herself."

"Oh no, no," he answered earnestly. "Please don't let her say anything to me about it. It is not her place to thank me for such a trifle. I told you I was ashamed to look her in the face as it is; don't let her make me more so. Good-night, and please forget all about that; only don't forget to-morrow."

He vanished on the instant, much afraid, it seemed, of further thanks; and Althea stole off through the summer dusk to find her sister.

When the next day came Cosmo was apparently still in fear of being thanked, for he did not appear until the appointed time in the afternoon, and then waited just inside the door till Althea came down stairs with her little charges. "The baby of all," as the youngest was usually called, had not been allowed to come, and Margaret Heron saw the others depart with many misgivings, not being one of those mothers who think it impos-

sible for other people to have too much of their children's society.

Cosmo did not realise his ambition of hearing the children make a noise. I doubt whether any sensation, however pleasant or painful, could have made those little gentlewomen shriek aloud in a public place; but they were evidently storing up happy memories for many a day to come. And when they had tea in as much luxury as the resources of the place permitted, and were encouraged to play together on the short dry grass of the Regent's Park, they did comport themselves more as merry children than Cosmo had ever seen them do as yet.

Sitting together in the shade a little apart, Cosmo and his young companion fell very naturally into confidential talk.

"I was here once before," she said, "when I was about as old as Mona. I remember it so well."

"Only once before?" he asked in surprise. "I thought you had lived in London all your life."

"So I have; but never very near the Regent's Park. And you don't know how little some people go about in London, especially if they have busy lives, and—not much money to spare for travelling."

"Of course it is very natural. It is only we country cousins who start with the idea that every part of London must be near every other part."

"It is so, to some people who give their minds to seeing all that there is to be seen. But we were never like that. While my father was alive he kept a stationer's shop in Islington. He was never very strong, or very well off, and my mother was delicate, too, and somehow we never expected to go out much, or to have any treats but those that came to us in the ordinary course of things."

This was the first that Cosmo had heard of the stationer's shop, and it could hardly fail to be a slight shock to him. Nevertheless Althea saw nothing but pitying interest in the

eyes that met hers as she looked up into his face.

"We were very happy though," she went on, answering the look. "Our father was so kind and good, so clever, too, and fond of study. I can't remember much about him, of course, but Margaret has told me."

"Is it long, then, since he died?"

"Ten years. Then Margaret went out to try and earn something, and I stayed at home with mother, and a brother of hers came and took on the business. Margaret could never be educated as father and she would have liked, and so she could only go as a nursery governess. But it was somewhere up in the North she went, and there she met your brother, and married him. Five years ago my mother died, too."

"And you came then to live with them—with Edmund and your sister?" asked Cosmo after a pause.

"Not so soon as that; I stayed with my uncle and aunt till I had finished going to school, and then they—they did not want me any more. They are not very prosperous, you see. We have a good many relations—my mother's relations—scattered about; and they are all of them poor. If my father had left any one belonging to him, no doubt they would have been poor too, but somehow I think we should have got on with them better. My mother's family are not at all like she was."

"And you have no brothers, and no other sister?"

"One brother, in Queensland. But we don't often hear from him. Men are like that; they go away and don't write, and forget."

Cosmo did not attempt to combat this bit of mournful generalisation, perhaps because he was one of those who do not easily forget. He was thinking that it was rather strange that she did not show a little more appreciation of the generosity with which Edmund in his poverty had found a home for his wife's sister. "But she is a child, after all," he reflected, glancing aside at the fair

straight profile, with the soft pouting curves of the mouth fixed in a gravity more youthful than any smiles. "Children don't think of such things. It merely seems to her natural and inevitable that she should have a home somewhere—and quite right, too! But this is an additional reason, if I needed one, for fighting Edmund's battles. If only I could get my father here and make him see for himself,—and pity! But one might as well try to move Herne's Edge itself."

His companion rose lightly from the grass, and went to settle some small but animated dispute between Dolly and Ella, coming back to his side again when peace had been restored. "There!" she said, avoiding his name, as she usually did, but supplying its place with a bright, frank look. "I should think they are making noise enough to please you now."

"Nothing compared to what I can remember making, with Emily's assistance. But then we had the world to ourselves up there, and no one but the rooks to be shocked."

"And who was Emily?"

"My little cousin and playmate, a married woman now, whose noisy days are over. Indeed they were over long enough before she went away from us; but Herne's Edge has seemed a little too still since she left."

"I have lived within hearing of a roar and a rumble all my life. I think I should like a place that was 'too still.' Tell me about it."

Their day of intimate companionship had banished her shyness, and she asked what she wished to know quite simply. Cosmo turned smiling to answer her, and then checked himself, thinking, how beautiful the old garden must be looking up yonder in the golden light of this late summer afternoon; how fresh and sweet the moorland air must feel, and how unlike the faint warm wind that even here beneath the trees felt like a breath from the mouth of a giant oven. If he could transport his dear little companions, with one moment's wish, and set them there where Emily used

to build her bower; would they not think themselves in Fairyland? To think that none of them, not even this girl beside him, had ever known anything but this busy, unlovely world of bricks and mortar! But Althea was waiting for her answer; and rather like one who was thinking aloud he began to tell her of his home and Edmund's,—the home that he loved too well to have ever said to himself that he loved it—and she listened, wide-eyed and absorbed, as to a fairy tale.

He did not tell her just what he had told to Evelyn Armitage on that day of the wedding; perhaps because he was in a different humour, or perhaps because some instinct told him that only the atmosphere of the place itself could have reconciled one born and bred in a narrow bourgeois sphere to those lawless tragedies of bygone days. He did not wish her to look with horror upon the Herons or Herne's Edge; he wished only to give this little cage-bird a glimpse of the life of free swallows under their ancient eaves.

He must have done well, for she sighed as he ended, as one sighs when the music is over or the story told. And her first words told that her thoughts had taken the direction he meant them to take. "And that was Edmund's home," she said, "where he lived all his life till he came to—Canonbury?"

"Yes. He chooses to speak now as if he had hated it; but I think it was only love turned inside out."

"And—would he have been there still? I mean, did he give it up of his own free will, for the sake of Margaret?"

"I believe so. It is his own: he cannot lose it altogether; but for the present he is an exile, for no other reason that I can discover. You must not blame my father altogether. We are all naturally hard and inflexible; and Edmund defied him, and took the consequences. But it is a dismal state of things, and I don't see how to alter it."

Althea sat still, with hands locked together in her lap, musing, her eyes growing deeper and softer and more womanly every moment. "I did not understand," she said. "I think I have been rather unjust to Edmund; I shall be more sorry for him now. Margaret has told me often how it was; but somehow I never understood."

"You have helped," answered Cosmo; "that is better than understanding."

"Oh, I am thinking about Margaret chiefly," she said, as if a little surprised. "Of course I have done what I could; but I have often vexed her because I couldn't help being angry with Edmund. Perhaps I ought not to say it, as he is your brother; but, you know, I do think that when a man has lost everything, or given it up, he should try to make the best of things. But I understand better now what he has given up."

"Perhaps you will realise, too, how hard it must sometimes be to make the best of things. And there are special reasons which make it hard in Edmund's case. I am afraid he has had hard measure; and the feeling of having been wronged must take all the spirit out of endeavour."

Althea sighed but did not answer, and the children, tired of play, came creeping to her side, from whence Cosmo beckoned them, proving by experiment that his pockets were even more capable of holding delightful things than those of Mr. Pierce. After a few moments of deep thought Althea woke from her abstraction and shared the glee of the children over the sweetmeats; and when the little feast was over she sighed as regretfully as they as she announced that it was time to go home. Luxuriously as they had come, they drove home in a hansom, the little ones piled upon their knees. Perhaps the girl thought that her companion would hardly believe her if she told him that she had never before been in a hansom-cab; but such was the fact, and she was so young still that it was not one

of the least memorable events of this memorable day to have realised for her a long cherished ambition.

As they reached the door of Number Fifteen, and Cosmo helped them all out with exceeding care and some nervousness, she began to speak, colouring and hesitating and looking up, exactly like a child that has been told to make a speech of thanks. "You must let Margaret thank you for *this* at any rate," she said. "It is such a treat for her that any one should think of the little ones and give them pleasure. And you have been so good to them, not just using them as playthings as—most of them do. But I must thank you for my own part. I dare-say you didn't know that you were giving a treat to me, just as much as to them; but you were. I don't think I ever had such a happy day before."

"I am over-paid now, even if I had not been enjoying myself all the afternoon," said Cosmo simply. "I hope we sha'n't get into trouble with your sister for keeping them out too long, that's all."

They were on the steps as he spoke, and Edmund opened the door, teasing and congratulating Cosmo upon having returned alive from his rash expedition, and drawing him away into the den, leaving the others to go on up stairs without him—the children to pour their tale of wonder and delight into their mother's ears and Althea to listen and smile and corroborate, and in her heart to sigh a little over a delightful day that was past and gone and never likely to come again.

And Edmund, down stairs, seemed to be thinking much the same thing. "You *have* been here," he said, musingly, looking at Cosmo, in the chair opposite, which he had filled so often during the past week. "I have thought so often of your coming, and now it has come to pass, and it's over. It has been very delightful to have you; one mustn't complain of the blank of having nothing more to look forward to."

For an instant it occurred to Cosmo that to say one must not complain is only a subtle form of complaint; but he as instantly dismissed the thought, saying to himself that he must have learned from Althea the trick of criticising, which in him at least was ungenerous. And indeed what Edmund said was natural enough; Cosmo was chiefly concerned to prove to him that at any rate it need not be true.

"If my coming back is something to look forward to, you may safely count upon that," he said. "What more I may be able to do I cannot tell as yet, but at least I can decline to be parted from you again. I shall be here often enough, never fear."

"I am sure at any rate that, if I have to play the part of Esau, you will not willingly act Jacob. But my father may put the screw on you as he has on me. I am holding out as long as I can, in hope of possible contingencies; but things are getting beyond my management. One more turn of the screw, and I may have to give in, and sell my birthright for a little present ease and comfort."

Edmund thrust the papers on his writing-table impatiently away from him, and leaned his head on his hands in an attitude of utter despondency. Cosmo looked at him, and could have found it in his heart to say a great deal, but with his usual impulse of self-repression said for the moment nothing at all. His silence made his brother look up all the sooner. "Never mind!" he said. "I ought not to have said anything against my father before you; and it is a shame to revile even Fate in your presence, for never had a man a more generous and unwilling rival. Come as often as you can; and so long as I have a roof over my head the pleasantest thing that can happen will be to see you under it. Now come up stairs, and let the girls have the benefit of you on this last night, for Heaven knows how and when we shall meet again."

(To be continued.)

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

As the village church clock strikes eight the hounds come up the lane by the churchyard where the old yews and firs look so black against the clear morning sky. They come with an expectant air and a festive flutter of sterns. Potts, the huntsman, makes a pretty gleam of scarlet in their midst; and at the sound of his cheery voice the villagers hurry to their doors, while amiable Gwendoline straightens the blue bow in her hair and arranges herself in the window of the Duke's Arms. Gwendoline is not of course one of the party from the Hall. She is in fact only a barmaid; but we will warrant she has self-possession enough (shall we add beauty enough to boot?) to hold her own even in the best society.

"Don't they look nice, the dears?" inquires Gwendoline enthusiastically. It is a sort of general question, exacting no answer. The girl relapses and resumes her interrupted task of serving nips of whiskey to the gentlemen in top-boots. They are farmers these gentlemen, all save one; but no matter for that. The exception is a delicate youth with literary tastes, the only son of a widow. It is a moot point whether he hunts for the sport's sake or his pen's. He it is who writes the paragraphs in the local paper signed "Vixen." The name libels him grossly, for he is upon the whole a mild young man; nor does he ever misbehave himself in the field, like some others. He looks meditatively at Gwendoline over the rim of his tumbler; but he is not thinking of her; he is only engendering his phrases. Shall it, for example, be "an indifferent scent," or "warm as one can bear without scorching"; and, again, is the run to be "a spanker," "a ravishing forty minutes wound up with a kill," or a "Rotten

Row dawdle"? "Vixen" is not by any means a contemptible youth, but his hunting reports are often extremely foolish.

The early tipplers all set down their glasses briskly when the word is passed for a start. The Master is already in the saddle outside, long and lean, aristocratic and good-tempered, or sufficiently so for a Master of Hounds. It is a small gathering. But what would you have else the first week in the month of St. Partridge? Are there not moors in the north and Alps in the south, and is not the sea worth yachting on now in spite of the menace of equinoctials? Six ladies all told, so far, and not ten men; and of these sixteen at the outside no fewer than eight are from the Hall. It is his Grace's land that is to be drawn. As Lady Jane says to Lady Mary, "One feels a personal interest in these poor little baby foxes." The Master hears Lady Jane and laughs. "Mr. Grayson here sympathises with you," he says. "He missed a fine young turkey last night." Mr. Grayson, the farmer indicated, smiles dubiously across his red face as he lifts his hat. Lady Jane gives him a sort of a look and yawns. The next moment her ladyship exclaims drily, "Oh, how do you do?" and nods towards the Vicar. This venerable gentleman (his hair is white) has come with his three unwedded daughters (all over thirty) to see the start. His cheeks are of many hues, all healthy, and his blue eyes sparkle with the energy of one assured of his eighth or ninth decade. The young ladies do not look equally robust, but they have short skirts for all that and stout sticks in their hands. The words "perfectly lovely" drift from one of them upon the circumambient air. Whether they refer

to the azure sky, the Lady Jane, Miss Grosvenor Jones, the Master's red coat, or the assembled hounds, history tells not. It is notable, however, that the Lady Jane's somewhat haughty face relaxes, and she tosses to the vicarage ladies a kind inquiry after their mother, whose great age has confined her to her bed.

But ere the conversation thus auspiciously begun can be pushed towards the hem of an intimacy, the Master cries out, "Now then, Potts, we're ready," and the next instant hounds, horses and all, go trooping down Sandy Lane. Miss Grosvenor Jones and Lady Kitty bring up the rear of the cavalcade, to Lady Kitty's (and her mare's) evident disquietude. But Miss Grosvenor Jones is fresh from Philadelphia, where her sire has coined dollars innumerable, and she confesses volubly that she is not accustomed to foxes. She looks further (let it be whispered) not at all accustomed to be out of doors at eight o'clock on a frosty morning. Her little nose (like the village tenements and Potts's coat) is red, very red. But she is a great heiress and must be humoured. Who knows? Lord Algernon may, after all, look upon her with eyes of matrimonial desire; and that would be the making, or rather a very substantial patching, of the ducal fortunes.

There is a portly young manufacturer on a great lumbering steed. He is clothed, like the Lady of the Lake, all in white; save for his face and his boots, he might be taken for a mounted phantom. And he doesn't know quite how to manage his nag, which moves down the lane quite as much broadside as lengthwise. This sadly flusters him, and he mutters impolitely between his apologies; so do some of the others. But who cares for such petty disagreeables in the teeth of this glorious westerly breeze, with the musical whisper of the falling leaves all around? The country looks delightful; green where it ought to be green and golden

with the harvest elsewhere. And ever and anon we get pleasant glimpses of the bracken in the valley, where Potts says a youngster or two may be found. The gray lines of the hills, many long miles away, make an effective horizon, backed by the pale blue sky.

My Lady Jane's groom, on the plea of a loose shoe or something, drops astern in this descent of Sandy Lane. He times the circumstance well. Instead of looking at his mount, he shows a beaming face at the wicket of a certain small gabled cottage by the lane side. Thence comes a blush-rose maiden, hurrying down through the little garden of stocks and pansies and mignonette, and holding forth a mug in her generous little hand. The groom quaffs the contents of that mug in hot haste, looks unutterable things at the blush-rose maiden, nods, and annoys his steed with his spurs. "It's all right, m' lady," he exclaims, in a tone of relief, when the Lady Jane peers round at him inquiringly.

For five minutes we tarry in the meadow at the bottom of Sandy Lane. The wind is really cold for September, and there is much frisking about. Every one is so fresh. A young gentleman in very gay garments (a new comer) is brought ignominiously to earth by an unexpected dance of his playful mare. Miss Grosvenor Jones ejaculates something about "sakes," and holds tight. The Vicar's daughters shuffle themselves about like the three cards on a racecourse, each trying to get to leeward of the other two. *Singula de nobis*, &c.; at eight o'clock on a brisk autumn morning the pursuit of the fox is apt to lose some of its charm as the years go on, to the pedestrian especially. But all sense of discomfort vanishes when suddenly from the coppice sounds the cheerful voice of Potts.

'Tis no moment for meditation. In we go, one or two of us, on our legs, the Master leading. It is imperative to see how the youngsters perform. And egad! there's no doubt of their

ability to follow the lead towards a vulpine titbit prepared by their elders. After a dozen or more disciplinary cuts across the face from hazel twigs, willows, and brambles, we reach the scene of slaughter. Assuredly there will be mourning this night in a fox's home. Ten minutes ago this disembowelled object, with its very brush nipped in twain, was a lusty juvenile, full of promise, trained (who can doubt it?) to do business in any poultry yard with silence and despatch; now, it is a red ruin. We accompany it in state, dangling from a whip's hands, to the outskirts of the wood, and then for five minutes watch it being wrenched into small pieces by the eager hounds. There is much growling over this pathetic tug of war.

"My dear," says Lady Kitty to Miss Grosvenor Jones, "don't be so silly. There's nothing at all horrid about it. Foxes are made to be hunted. They even like it, until they are run down." Miss Jones can only murmur that it is not a nice sight anyway. She turns aside as if to protect her eyes from pollution, and stealthily rubs first one cheek and then the other with her little gloved hand. It is awful to her, the gnawing consciousness that she is red where she ought to be white, and pale where the roses should be blooming. She shudders when she inadvertently casts an eye upon the youngest of the Vicar's daughters, whose cheeks resemble those of her sire. If comparisons are odious, contrasts are sometimes unendurable.

The broad-shouldered manufacturer on his lumbering steed charges up and down the meadow like an old-time knight in a tournament. Any one can read his soul in his antics; "Now I'm having a real good time!" is writ even in the carriage of his head under its white hat.

"Oh, yes, sir," says the farmer whose meadow it is to the Master, "there's lots of 'm about. If I was you, I'd try that there bean-field yonder. It's not my land, but Merrick says—"

We accordingly move toward the bean-field, at whose gate stands Farmer Merrick with a loose lip to his mouth. But even while we are on the way (ecstatic spectacle!) a truant cub breaks from the coppice. It runs fifty yards, stops, and thinks better of its enterprise. Then ensues some forcible language from a couple of young squires who are remote from womankind, and the Master is observed to shrug his shoulders. It was the manufacturer's fault. In one of his headlong capers he traversed the cub's line, and ere the hounds could get sight or scent of their heaven-ordained prey, back went the youngster, to grow and give better sport another day. "I tell you what, sir," the Master begins to the culprit, when he comes alongside him. Common humanity forbids any other ear except the destined one to hear what followed.

Now arises a shout from the summit of a ferny bank to the north. Something is viewed, sure enough; yes! there he goes, with his brush straight out from his long body. He cuts into the bracken with the swiftness, and something of the look, of a torpedo. But his age protects him; time enough to pay attention to this gentleman when the real business of life begins in November.

The bean-field is drawn next. It is a long affair; the field is so broad—like its owner, Farmer Merrick, who is also glum. We others stand and shiver just a little; it is really absurd, for September. Alas! the bean-field proves blank; so does the oak-wood on its farther side. Miss Grosvenor Jones confides to Lady Kitty that it is not *very* exciting and that it *is* very cold, "Though one wouldn't think it to look at *your* colour!" she adds, with undisguised envy. "You wait a bit," says Lady Kitty. Miss Jones peeps at her watch and sighs.

Ha, what's that? A stentorian cry from the east end of the bean-field, upon which we have turned our backs disgusted. "Hark, for'rard!" some-

one shouts, irresponsibly, it appears. It is the manufacturer again, looming tremendous, a vast spectre, against a green background, and stretching one white arm towards the meadowy level between the bean-field and the bracken. He himself has the grace to stay motionless; he has at any rate learned that lesson. But suddenly the extended arm falls limply, and simultaneously a ripple of acid laughter (if you can imagine it) vibrates among us, to and fro, backwards and forwards. A rabbit is to be seen, darting by fits and starts across the open; a rabbit,—only that and nothing more. We give the cub time; but it doesn't come; there is no cub but the rabbit. Lady Kitty's "Good heavens!" on this occasion, and the curl of her short upper lip, will not soon be forgotten by those who heard the one and beheld the other. Then is the culprit seen to dig his spurs into his horse. The brute flies over the ground, breasts the ferny hill, and so on to the high road, and away out of our ken. This white young man is seen no more.

An hour passes. We meander from meadow to meadow and field to field. The Master approaches Lady

Kitty by chance. "Oh, Captain T." cries Miss Grosvenor Jones, "do do something or I shall turn into an icicle." "I think, Lady Kitty," says the Master, when he has solemnly scrutinised Miss Jones for about ten seconds, "you had better take her home. We're not in luck to-day, and that's the truth." "Shall we?" enquires Lady Kitty, controlling herself heroically. "I'd be awfully glad, you know," says poor Miss Jones, "but I don't want to spoil—" She was going to say "spoil sport." Lady Kitty however misconceived her. "My dear," she said, "I expect *all* our complexions are being spoiled, so you mustn't think so much about it. Come along then; I'll lead the way." Miss Jones follows her aristocratic acquaintance with a sense of crushedness.

Lord Algernon twirls his light moustache as he looks after the pair. He moves a pace or two as if to catch them up; then he halts, midway between two opinions. The Vicar's daughters contemplate Lord Algernon, Miss Grosvenor Jones, and Lady Kitty, but say nothing. There are thoughts too deep and sad for words.

MADAM TREMAINE.

(A SKETCH FROM THE NORTH-WEST.)

WHEN we first knew her she was nothing but an old squaw, living with and apparently upon the kindness of a white man, Tremaine. She was hideous with the grotesque, almost inhuman hideousness which Nature seems to have reserved for the especial benefit of the aged females of the Red Indian tribes. She was known as Madam Tremaine, and for the most part lived at Stark's Ranch on the Old Man's River in Southern Alberta. Hints were dropped to us of some story of her past which had a tinge of romance about it; and by inquiry, by chance, and often by the merest accident, we gathered the following facts about her earlier years. To one who has seen her in blanket and moccasins, a type of the squaws of her race, there is something pitiful in her brief hour of wealth and luxury and her final degradation into the worn-out mistress of one of the blackest ruffians of the West.

Some fifty years ago the Western States of America were an almost undiscovered country. The opening of the Californian gold-fields a few years previously had attracted much of the worst element of the East to seek their fortunes, more often to find their graves, among the gulches and cañons of the Rocky Mountains. To the Indian the influx of the new white gold-hunters was a surprise; but with his natural indifference he cared little for it, and was ready to make friends with them, to trade with them, and drink their whisky, called by him with a grim humour "white man's water." Trading leads to quarrelling: deep potations, even among white men, still more among Indians, lead to bloodshed; and it soon became necessary for the United States Gov-

ernment to send a detachment of troops to keep the peace. Quiet once restored, the monotony of the prairie life naturally had the effect of turning the thoughts of more than one of the soldiers to some form of distraction. The Indians were friendly, and Captain Carey amused himself by flirting with the daughter of a chief. Fifty years ago Indian women were virtuous; the liquor and starvation brought upon them by the white men had not yet caused the name of a squaw to be, as it is to-day, a bye-word in the mouths of the people. The Indian girl was comely; her father was chief of the Blackfoot tribe, one of three powerful kindred tribes which dwelt under the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. The captain was young and lonely, and his eye was pleased with the dark beauty and shapely limbs of the chief's daughter. Minister they had none, but in the Blackfoot camp, after the manner of the Indians, he took her to wife. Her dowry was in kind, suited to the rude times and savage nuptials. Captain Carey received from the bride's father two hundred ponies, the best in the herd, and on each pony's back were tied fifty buffalo-hides. Even then the gift was large; now it would represent a value of close upon fifty thousand dollars. As the young soldier's wife, the girl quickly learned the manners and customs of the white men, and with the feminine tact which women of all races possess she tried to retain his affections by means of qualities more worthy and more lasting than the small foot, trim figure, and pretty features he had at first admired. So that when an order from headquarters recalled him to Washington, he did not leave her, as has so often happened,

but took her home with him and her dowry with her. Nor was virtue its own reward alone. The Indians had grown suspicious of the encroachments of the white men; the little band was surrounded and captured, and had it not been for her, death in some cruel form was all the mercy they could have looked for. The Blackfoot girl pleaded for them, representing that one was her husband and the rest her friends, and with such good effect that they were allowed to proceed upon their way unmolested and unpillaged. A token of their gratitude is still in existence. When they reached Washington they presented her with a magnificent silver tankard, and upon it was inscribed, *To the modern Pocahontas.*

And now came a period which must be one of her strangest memories. Her husband had some considerable fortune of his own and lived in the best society of Washington. To this society he introduced his wife. She dressed well and entertained, and having doubtless learned something of the usages of his race from her husband in the early days at the Montana outpost, she held her own. For three years she lived the life of a fine lady, a woman of the fashionable world, loving and beloved by the husband who had taken her from her people, and who had gone through the marriage ceremony a second time according to the Christian rites. But it was not to last. After the third year Carey died; how, we could not learn, whether he was killed in battle or died in her arms at Washington. All the pleasure of her life was gone. She was a childless widow, and the one to whom she looked for guidance and instruction in her new world had left her. Kindness from strangers was a poor substitute for the love and confidence of her husband. Time did not console; it only served to accentuate the awful loneliness from which she could see no escape. Instinct made her mind turn to her old home; her new surroundings had not yet become familiar enough to merit the name of home when

he who had made the reality was gone. Her kindred in the north-west were those for whom her heart now yearned; and although she had left them for her husband, it was to them she turned when he was lost. The resistless impulse which stirs the hearts of the wild-fowl to fly north possessed her soul, and in the springtime she and the birds went north together.

But it seemed as though remorseless destiny, having given to the wild Indian girl a taste of civilisation and of the love of a true-hearted man, had but raised her to the height of enjoyment to make her fall the greater. Foredoomed to disappointment, she reached the bare western plains and the tents of her kinsfolk. Harder times had come upon the Blackfoot nations. They were fallen from their high estate and pride. The buffalo were scarcer, the white men more plentiful. Their ponies, their robes had gone in barter for the accursed whisky; they had grown poor and degraded. The white man had despoiled them of all they had of wealth, and now was stealing the only treasure left to them, the virtue of their women. She who had been known in civilised society as Mrs. Carey crept back, with her jewels and fine raiment, to the tents where she still fondly thought that she might reign a queen. But the hearts of her people were turned from her; and of a truth it was but a sorry kingdom left for her to reign over. The men had lost their hardihood, and were pensioners upon the bounty of their conquerors; the women were victims of a shameless traffic, and the children were growing to manhood with the seeds of disease born in them. Small-pox, another gift from the East, had ravaged and was ravaging them; each outbreak of the disease numbered its victims by the hundred.

Sick at heart, and as lonely among the suspicious glances of her nation as she had been among the strangers in a white man's city, she looked again to the alien race for help. What though the bread she ate was the wage of

infamy? Those matters were less thought of in the Western borderland than in the cities of the East. She fell into the hands of Fred Tremaine, with her jewels, her dresses, and her knowledge of white men's ways.

We must say one word concerning him. His fights, his crimes, his hairbreadth escapes do not belong to this tale; they have an interest of their own, but mattered little to the squaw he made his mistress. Born of gentle parents, he was a man to whom the usages of polite society were familiar. Running wild on the prairies, his many misdeeds had debarred him from returning to the life he had been used to, and one murder in cold blood kept him on the northern side of the international boundary line. Still he could talk well, was an entertaining host, and in his house kept up many little refinements, relics of his past life, which are unknown to most frontier shanties. As one spoke to him, his lively and varied conversation made one forget his life, and it was only when you looked up and saw his scarred face and square determined jaw, and remembered that his left arm was stiff from having been almost blown from the shoulder by an old blunderbuss fired at close quarters,

that you would recollect that your pleasant comrade bore the worst reputation in all that land of outcasts.

Into the hands of such a man fell the chief's daughter and the captain's wife. Possibly things might have been worse; the hidden refinement in Tremaine made him glad to have his house kept by one who had moved in a set in which he might once have claimed his place. She,—well, she was credited with being faithful to him, which we can well believe, for few of the men we met there would willingly have risked laying a hand upon anything which Tremaine called his own. One by one she saw the jewels, the silks, and the valuable trifles she had hoarded as relics of her past disappear, whenever the saloon or the gaming-table made inroads on her lord's pockets. How she managed to keep one memorial of the days of old we know not. Perhaps she dared to pit her will against Tremaine's and conquered; perhaps he had a streak of romance in his composition which made him loth to gamble it away. The fact remains that when we were beneath their roof nearly ten years ago, the only indication of her past estate was a magnificent silver tankard, and upon it were inscribed the words,
To the modern Pocahontas.

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF HOME INDUSTRIES.

(AN ECONOMICAL MISTAKE.)

WE have lately had an unequalled opportunity of observing the practical results of an extreme policy of Protection, as exemplified in the McKinley Tariff and the Sherman Act in America. As we all know, the issue has been that one of the richest countries in the world has found itself within a very few years in a perilous state of administrative and financial disorder. In our own country the most ardent supporter of the principle would perhaps hesitate before he would openly advocate the imposition of such a wholesale system of restrictive fetters on trade; but the most moderate Protective duty differs only in degree from the McKinley Tariff, and its tendency, so far as it is capable of producing any practical result, must lie in precisely the same direction.

In view then of the excellent lesson we have just had, it is the more surprising to note the marked change which has of recent years come over a large portion of educated public opinion with regard to the old controversy of Protection against Free Trade. It used to be confidently assumed that in this country at all events the fallacies underlying Protection had been permanently exposed, and that they were thoroughly understood by the whole nation. Though here and there a country squire might grumble at the new state of things, and at the misfortunes it was supposed to have brought on the farming or, to speak more correctly, on the landed interests, these views were based mainly on a mixture of ignorance and self-interest. Even men who still professed to believe in Protection for half-developed States like the Australian Colonies, or for those whose imports consisted mainly of luxuries and manufactured articles,

maintained stoutly that Free Trade was the only true and sound policy for us in England, where raw materials, such as cotton and wool, and above all the food supplies of the nation, such as corn and meat, form the great bulk of our import trade.

Now, however, all this has been largely altered, and in a considerable portion of the Press, and also in the utterances of no small minority of our public men, a policy of Protection is being advocated with increasing frequency. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the old name of Protection is always given to the various methods employed by its advocates; it has been too long discredited in this country to be a very safe one for the purpose, and is in itself enough to discourage large numbers of people who are quite ready to grasp at the idea underlying it. It now therefore generally conceals itself under some specious paraphrase which may act as a disguise. Like the Hydra of old, it has only lost its old single head to develop a multiplicity of new ones; as familiar examples of which we may mention Fair Trade, Closer Commercial Relations with our Colonies, and the Encouragement of Home Industries.

However distinct these party cries may appear to be from one another, one idea really pervades and inspires them all, and this is the old doctrine that in some or any circumstances it is in the true interests of the nation not to purchase its requirements in the best markets, where they can be most economically produced. The Fair Trader would have us deliberately refuse to purchase an article offered to us at a lower price than any at which it can be procured else-

where, because the country so offering it attempts to obstruct imports from our own country by means of Protective duties ; even though, as will be shown later on, such an attempt must inevitably break down precisely in so far as the country in question can induce us to buy its own exports. The advocate for Closer Commercial Relations with our Colonies would have us act in the same spirit to any portion of the world which does not happen to be a British Colony ; while last, and most plausible of all, comes the man who imagines that he is furthering his country's true interests by what he will call the Encouragement of Home Industries.

Now this last phrase is the more liable to mislead in that it contains a half truth, or rather it is so manifestly true in one, and that its primary sense, that it is frequently regarded almost as an axiom in its wider and more usual application. It is most certainly desirable that every one should do what he can to promote all industries, either great or small, so long as the conditions under which they can be carried on are really favourable ; all industries, that is to say, by which articles in demand can be produced more economically than they can be imported from elsewhere. By acting thus he is truly benefiting his country, and helping so to employ its labour and capital as to produce the largest amount of wealth for division among them, whether in the shape of the articles actually produced, or of those which can be bought in exchange for them. The fallacy however begins when we are induced to believe that it is almost a duty to give a preference to an English-made article rather than to a superior one of the same kind made abroad, or, as perhaps is more commonly the case, to one of approximately equal quality at a cheaper price. It is very commonly argued that only in this way is a man really doing his duty to his country, and that in so far as he confines himself to articles so produced he is

"keeping the money in the country," as the stock phrase goes, and doing what he can to give employment and occupation to his fellow citizens.

Perhaps there is no subject in all Economics which is so commonly misunderstood as the principles of international exchange ; and though few truths have been proved with more perfect clearness than that imports must be paid for by exports, it seems well nigh impossible to eradicate the old theory that all goods imported are paid for in gold, and that the country really becomes poorer in proportion as it loses gold. Were it not for the extreme frequency with which this fundamentally false view of exchange is still held, it would be superfluous to spend more time in further exposing it ; but in consideration of the disastrous results of the conclusions to which it logically leads when assumed as a premise, it may be well to explain very briefly and simply the course which such an exchange actually takes.

The distribution of gold like that of other commodities is regulated by the laws of supply and demand. If gold is scarce its value as compared with other articles necessarily rises, or in other words prices fall, while if gold is abundant the reverse holds good and prices rise. Few things are less desirable in a country than an excessive supply of gold. There is only a demand for a certain quantity for currency purposes, and this does not vary very greatly from year to year. A reserve must of course always exist in view of any possible abnormal demand, and as a security against a panic such as may from time to time occur. When however a country is once possessed of as much bullion and specie as experience proves will suffice for these purposes, any further increase in the supply simply means the locking up of so much dead capital. Every private individual makes it his object with his own private banking account to have no more money lying idle there than will suffice for his monthly

or yearly wants, with the addition perhaps of a reasonable margin for contingencies. The case of the State is precisely similar; and it is no less wasteful for it to attempt to retain an unproductive supply of gold in excess of its requirements (and bullion as bullion is manifestly unproductive) than for an individual to lock up a portion of his capital in the shape of sovereigns in a strong box, instead of investing it to bring him in a permanent income.

The question of what it is that primarily regulates the value of gold, is one to which a variety of answers have been given. Many have thought with Mill that it depends on the cost of production. No doubt this is true in so far that any marked increase in the value of gold will tend to give a fresh impulse to gold-mining, and to attract more labour and capital into that channel, while conversely any material decline in its value will tend to discourage this movement. Gold-mining is, however, so exceedingly speculative that it is frequently carried on almost as a lottery rather than as an industry from which any regular return can be expected, and while it is comparatively a simple matter to estimate the cost of making a ton of iron of a given quality, or of growing a quarter of wheat, it is in practice exceedingly difficult to calculate the average cost of extracting an ounce of gold. While an iron-foundry or a coal-mine will very rarely be carried on for any length of time at a loss, men will frequently persevere with a gold-mine in these circumstances for many years, in the hope of encountering some rich reef which will suddenly reward them for their exertions; and this hope is but too often doomed to disappointment. Another point which has been much disputed is the amount of gold which is employed for artistic and general commercial purposes. An authority no less eminent than Professor Fawcett considered that the total demand for these purposes was comparatively small, and that by far

the larger part of the annual production was available for currency. More recent researches however have established that from sixteen to seventeen millions sterling at the least¹ are yearly absorbed for other than monetary purposes; so that at first sight it would appear as though the world's requirements of gold under this head would have the chief share in determining its value. Many circumstances however combine to limit this tendency. Though such a very large amount is actually absorbed by commerce, the demand for it probably fluctuates less than for almost any other commodity. It has practically no substitute for many of the purposes for which it is used, and throughout the civilised world there are a comparatively definite number of objects which an established usage demands should be made of gold and of nothing but gold. In the great majority of cases too, there is such an immense difference between its value and that of any other substance which could be used instead, that no ordinary fluctuation can practically affect the ratio between them. The total yearly production of gold may perhaps be estimated roughly at from twenty-four to twenty-five millions sterling,² and unless its value rise very considerably, or some new and rich gold-fields can be discovered, it is not probable that this amount can ever receive any very large permanent increase. It is the comparatively small surplus remaining over, after all the demands of commerce have been supplied, which is available for monetary purposes, including the repair of the wear and tear of the coinage in circulation, and as

¹ Dr. Soetbeer has estimated the gold used in the world for industrial purposes at over twelve millions and a quarter annually, while the yearly absorption by India cannot be less than four millions.

² M. Ottomar Haupt in his *ARBITRAGES ET PARITÉS* gives the world's average annual output of gold for the seven years ending 1892 at 607,000,000 francs, or about 24,280,000*l.* which is a somewhat larger amount than has commonly been supposed.

this surplus bears but an extremely small proportion to the seven or eight hundred millions of gold currency estimated to be in existence, it follows that the amount of the latter is very little subject to fluctuation.

From these considerations it will appear that although the gold currency is not absolutely limited in amount, like the works for instance of some great deceased painter, it still in so far resembles them in its exchange value, that the quantity available cannot in practice be increased or diminished to suit the fluctuating demands of the markets of the world. From this it follows as the only alternative, that the principal factor in determining its value is the amount of the specie requirements of the gold-using countries, as estimated in terms of other commodities. Now the specie requirements of these countries are really based on the amount of commodities in general which will be exchanged for them, and not ultimately on any given number of ounces or coins of a certain denomination. Consequently as the quantity of the gold available is only limited, its real value must always adjust itself to these requirements. If, for example, we were to assume that the latter as estimated in wheat amounted to five hundred million quarters, and that two hundred and fifty million ounces of gold were available for currency purposes, the value of gold would be half an ounce for a quarter of wheat, which is equivalent to saying the price of wheat would be half an ounce the quarter.

What is true of the gold-using countries collectively is true of each of them individually, so that in each country any prolonged drain of gold must tend to raise its value, or in other words, to lower prices. The only reason which prevents this fact from being more widely recognised, is that in reality gold is so exceedingly sensitive to any fluctuation, that a very slight alteration in its value will at once cause it to flow freely

from one country to another. Like water it finds its level. The ever-varying rates of international exchange gauge with the greatest exactness the direction of the pressure, while any undue drain or influx is checked by a rise or fall in the rate of discount. These movements too, may really be said to effect their object almost before they have commenced, as advices of them instantly reach all parts of the civilised world through the agency of the telegraph. Though, however, a rise in the rate of discount will speedily check the exportation, and encourage the importation of bullion, yet it must not be supposed that this alone will restore the equilibrium. Gold which is attracted by an abnormally high rate of interest, may be compared to water maintained at high pressure above its normal level, and ever seeking to find it again. This can only be effected by an increase in exports, the payments for which will naturally restore the gold, which has so far been only artificially attracted. The high rate of discount, though it will replenish the actual reserve at the Bank, will tend still further to restrict the amount of currency in circulation in the country generally. The quantity being thus restricted, its value must necessarily rise, and the prices of goods in general must fall. This will directly stimulate the export trade to other countries where a higher range of prices prevails. It would manifestly be impossible to keep on permanently exporting bullion, only to keep on borrowing it again from abroad at an ever increasing rate of interest.

Let us now take a concrete case and examine briefly what really happens when in order to get the best value for our money we take to buying, we will assume, German glassware, instead of an equal article of English manufacture at a price ten per cent. higher. If we suppose that this is in the first instance paid for in gold, what will be the inevitable con-

sequence? Gold will flow from England into Germany, and though in the first instance the increased business done by the glass manufacturers may possibly find employment for some of it, it is manifest that if the process be long continued the existing equilibrium will be upset. Prices as estimated in gold will begin to fall in England and to rise in Germany. The English export trade will be stimulated owing to the higher prices to be realised in Germany, and the articles she has the greatest facilities for producing economically as compared with that country will naturally be those in which the impulse is most speedily felt. We will assume machinery to be such a commodity, and in so far as this may be the case, the result will be that the labour and capital thrown out of employment in the glass industry will be diverted into the manufacture of machinery. The exported machinery will ultimately pay for the glass-ware, and so the equilibrium in gold will be re-established.

The result in the end will be precisely the same if instead of purchasing the machinery as we assumed in England, Germany employs the gold which she is receiving in excess of her requirements in buying wheat in Russia. There will now be in Russia the superfluity of gold and consequent rise in prices, which we previously showed would have been the case in Germany, while in the latter country the equilibrium will now remain undisturbed. As regards England the situation will be as before, only that the export trade will be stimulated to Russia rather than to Germany, and ultimately goods, such as for instance machinery, will be exported there in exchange for gold, until the equilibrium in the precious metal is once more restored in all three countries. Other causes will in practice help to bring about the same result. The extra impulse given to the glass trade in Germany will tend to attract labour and capital from the least remunerative industries existing there. Such a one may well be the growing of wheat,

and this will in itself tend to increase the demand for wheat in Russia, where circumstances favour its production more economically. Nothing again can be more natural than that this increase in the growth of wheat in Russia should in its turn be the means of further stimulating the importation of English machinery.

There is one other aspect of the case which is too often entirely disregarded. We have assumed that machinery is the commodity which can be the most advantageously produced in England as compared with other countries. These other countries however with the best will in the world cannot buy English machinery without paying for it, and, as we have shown, such payments cannot permanently be made in gold. The only way in which they can settle their account is by inducing us to accept in return some other article of commerce; consequently it follows that if we deliberately refuse to buy such articles when offered to us cheaper than we can produce them ourselves, we are directly discouraging the manufacture and exportation of our own machinery.

We are now in a position to sum up the real and ultimate, as distinct from the apparent and immediate, results of buying an English-made article in preference to a foreign one of equal value which is offered to us as we have assumed at a price ten per cent. lower. We are thereby encouraging the employment of our labour and capital in a comparatively unproductive capacity, while at the same time we correspondingly discourage their more profitable utilisation. In other words we deliberately waste a certain portion of each to the detriment of all parties concerned. We refuse to accept what practically amounts to a free gift from the foreigner of the ten per cent. which we should have saved, and we are consequently poorer by this amount, which otherwise would have been available for investment in some remunerative enterprise, or for the purchase of additional luxuries,

and which might in either case have been the means of giving employment and wages to our own fellow-countrymen.

It cannot be too often insisted upon that under absolutely Free Trade alone can the resources of any country be most fully developed, and its labour and capital so employed as to secure in the aggregate the largest return for wages and for profits. Fair Traders, as they call themselves, usually overlook the fact that exports postulate imports, and that it is really madness, nay it is an impossibility, to dream of developing an export trade without admitting imports in payment. A self-supporting country like America might conceivably, it is true, indulge in the luxury of dispensing entirely with both exports and imports, except indeed in so far as she must pay interest on the amount of her indebtedness. With ourselves, however, the case is very different. Our very existence, even to our daily food-supply, depends in the most literal sense on our trade, and even if every other country in the world strove to

check all imports by means of Protective duties, none the less would unrestricted Free Trade be our true policy. It is our true policy not relatively only but absolutely, and quite regardless of the action of other States. It takes its stand on altogether higher grounds than on that of reciprocity, and not one of the real arguments in favour of it depends on this. Reciprocity indeed in the true sense there must always be, for it is the very essence of all trade. It is as impossible for any State, whatever its Protective duties, to develop any export trade without taking ultimate payment in goods, as it is for a manufacturer to keep on permanently selling his wares for gold, and then to lock up the gold in a strong box instead of using it to purchase new material, or for remunerative investment. Let us as a nation always buy in the best market, and we may rest assured that in the long run those among our industries which are carried on under the most favourable conditions, will be the ones stimulated to export the commodities in which payment will ultimately be made.

CROMWELL AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS

I.

By instinct and by training Cromwell was, in political matters at all events, inclined to conservative rather than revolutionary views. Throughout he regarded with profound hostility the sweeping social changes advocated by the Fifth-Monarchy men and the Levellers. The principles of the Levellers, he told his first Parliament, sought to trample under foot the magistracy of the nation and to reduce all men to an equality. In his eyes the distinction between the "ranks and orders of men" was the keystone of the social fabric: "A nobleman, a gentleman, a yeoman, that is a good interest of the nation and a great one."

As with social so with political institutions, Cromwell's natural inclination was to adhere to the old and the established. The risk of anarchy and civil war, which a violent change might produce, was the consideration which had most weight in his own mind, and the argument with which he opposed the schemes put forward by the extremists of his own party in 1647. In abstract constitutional questions he took no interest, and was, as he expressed it, "not wedded or glued to forms of government." Any form of government which suited the needs and the feelings of the nation was good; the Jews had been happy and prosperous under patriarchs, judges, and kings. Change the government to the best possible form, and it was after all "but a moral thing, mere dross and dung in comparison with Christ." In other words, religious liberties were of more importance than civil, and the free enjoyment of the true religion of more importance than the best possible political constitution. "Liberty to all species of Protestants to worship God

according to their own light and conscience" was in his eyes the essential object of the great war. Whether England should be a monarchy or a republic, whether Parliament should consist of one house or two, were questions of minor importance, and Cromwell's attitude on those questions was determined by their relation to the greater question and by the political necessities of the moment.

Very early in his career Cromwell had come into collision with the House of Lords, and had earned for himself the reputation of being "the greatest anti-lord in England."

During the first stages of the war the leadership of the parliamentary armies had been in the hands of the parliamentary nobles. The Earl of Essex had been given the supreme command of the army, the Earl of Warwick of the navy. Bedford had been general of the horse, while Brooke, Denbigh, Stamford, Manchester, Robartes, Willoughby, and others had headed the forces of counties and associations of counties, or had filled high posts under Essex. But with the progress of the war the noble leaders were gradually being superseded by men of more military skill or greater devotion to the cause. Lord St. John had died fighting at Edgehill, Brooke had fallen besieging Lichfield, Willoughby and Stamford had been set aside for incompetence, and Bedford was in disgrace as a deserter. In the field as in the council the peers saw power slipping from their hands.

In November 1644 Cromwell attacked Manchester for the failure of the last campaign and for his neglect to profit by the victory at Newbury. Manchester's failure, he alleged, was due not simply to accidents, or to improvidence, but to "backwardness

to all action." He "had some reason to conceive," continued Cromwell, "that that backwardness was not merely from dulness or indisposedness to engagement, but from some principle of unwillingness in his lordship to have this war prosecuted to a full victory, and a design or desire to have it ended by accommodation, and that on some such terms to which it might be disadvantageous to bring the King too low." Manchester was, according to Robert Baillie, "a sweet meek man," but his meekness now deserted him, and he retorted with the greatest acerbity. Not contenting himself with denying the charges of military misconduct or political lukewarmness, he accused Cromwell of attacking the House of Lords and the peerage in general. He had once trusted Cromwell, he said, but of late he had been obliged to withdraw his confidence. "I grew jealous that his designs were not as he made his professions to me; for his expressions were sometimes against the nobility; that he hoped to live to see never a nobleman in England, and that he loved such better than others because they did not love lords." Cromwell, added one of Manchester's witnesses, had rejoiced when Royalist peers were slain, saying "that God fought against them, for God would have no lording over His people." He was even reported to have told Manchester to his face that "things would never be well till he was but plain Mr. Montague." Nothing could have been better calculated to inflame the feelings of the peers, and a rupture between the two Houses seemed imminent. But Cromwell was more eager to secure the vigorous prosecution of the war than to convict Manchester of misconduct, and his utterances against the peerage reflected simply the irritation of the moment, and not any formed design to attack the institution. He dropped the charge against Manchester, and proposed instead a change of commanders and a complete reorganisation of the army. The results were the passing

of the Self-Denying Ordinance and the formation of the New Model Army, and a declaration of the House of Commons asserting their resolve "to maintain the right and honours belonging to the places and persons of the peers of England."

In the autumn of 1647 Cromwell came forward in the novel part of a defender of the House of Lords. From the beginning of the Long Parliament there had been quarrels between the two Houses, though no organised attack on the authority of the Upper House had accompanied these differences. But as the struggle between the King and the Parliament developed, democratic views spread with startling rapidity. In the ranks of the army, in the congregations of the sectaries, among the young men and the citizens of London, opinions in favour of both "Church and State democracy" took root and flourished. It was in the exercise of its judicial powers that the House of Lords first came into collision with this democratic spirit, and became exposed to an attack which began as a denial of its claim to exercise judicial powers, developed into a denial of its right to a share in legislation, and ended as a demand for the abolition of hereditary authority in general. The Lords, like the Commons, habitually exercised the right of punishing those who spoke evil either of the House or its members. In June 1646 Lieutenant-Colonel John Lilburne, who had served for a time under Manchester, and had been one of Cromwell's witnesses for his charge against that general, was committed to prison by the Lords for asserting that if justice had been properly executed Manchester would have lost his head. As he continued to defy the authority of the Lords they fined him four thousand pounds, and sentenced him to seven years' imprisonment. Richard Overton, a printer, took up Lilburne's cause, published a series of pamphlets against the Lords, and was also imprisoned by their orders.

Both prisoners appealed to the House of Commons; but the House, which was not disposed to quarrel with the Lords for the sake of such notorious firebrands, turned a deaf ear to their petitions. They appealed then to the army, and found in its ranks ready sympathy and wide support. Had Parliament acted with ordinary wisdom the indignation of the soldiers against the Lords would have mattered little. As it was, at the very moment when this feeling was at its height, the dominant party in the two Houses chose to adopt a policy which made "the honest redcoat" the arbiter of the kingdom. The attempt to disband the army without proper payment for its services led to a military revolt, to the seizure of the King at Holmby, the march of the army on London, and the expulsion of the Presbyterian leaders from power. The army became a political organisation, claimed a voice in the settlement of the nation, and proceeded to draw up schemes for the revision of the Constitution.

In the first of these schemes (HEADS OF THE PROPOSALS OF THE ARMY, published in 1647) the authority of the House of Lords was scarcely touched. There was a demand "that the right and liberty of the Commons of England may be cleared and vindicated, as to a due exemption from any judgment, trial, or other proceeding against them by the House of Peers, without the concurring judgment of the House of Commons." In all other respects the power of the Lords in government and in legislation was left unrestricted. The spokesmen of the extreme democrats attributed this moderation to Cromwell's influence, and were loud in their denunciations of him. "Is this," wrote John Wildman, "that valiant, just, and faithful Cromwell, whose courage daunted the most daring champion of the Kingly Lordly interest? Doth he not now prostitute the estates, liberties, and persons of all the people at the foot of the King's Lordly in-

terest?" Lilburne proceeded to denounce him as an apostate and a juggler, who protected the Lords for his own ends, because they were now "more his drudges and more conformable to his will than the House of Commons itself." The extreme party in the army drew up their own scheme of settlement, styled THE AGREEMENT OF THE PEOPLE, and laid it before the council of the army with a demand for its immediate acceptance. It proposed manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts and biennial parliaments. Supreme power in legislation and government was declared to reside in the representatives of the people in Parliament "without the consent or concurrence of any person or persons," thus implicitly abrogating the authority of the House of Lords. The laws, declared another article, should henceforth be binding on all persons alike, and "no tenure, estate, degree, birth, or place" should exempt any man from the ordinary course of legal proceedings. Thus the personal privileges of the peers would share the fate of their political rights.

In the debates of the council of the army on this scheme Cromwell spoke often and vehemently against its reception, but his arguments were mainly directed to prove that it was not opportune, or not feasible under existing conditions. The scheme, he admitted, contained very good and plausible things, but it proposed very great alterations of the government under which England had lived ever since it had been a nation. The consequences of its adoption might be utter confusion and a new civil war. Moreover there were great difficulties, "great mountains," he might say, in the way of accomplishing it. Finally the public engagements of the army to maintain the existing Constitution with only certain specified alterations precluded the council from urging so sweeping a change as the abolition of the monarchy and the House of Lords. For his own part, he solemnly protested that he was

bound by no private pledges to maintain either the King or the Lords; nor was he on public grounds disposed unconditionally to support them. He agreed with the rest of the council in regarding King and Lords as a possible source of danger. "If it were free before us whether we should set up one or the other," he thought all were agreed that they would set up neither. More than that, he continued, "as it is not our intention to set up either the one or the other, so neither is it our intention to preserve one or the other with a visible danger and destruction to the people and the public interest." The real difference between the two parties in the council was whether the King and Lords could be preserved consistently with the safety of the kingdom. One party, said Cromwell, declare "that we cannot with justice and righteousness at the present destroy, or take away, or lay aside both, or all the interest they have in the public affairs of the kingdom," and so thinking, they wished to preserve King and Lords if it could be done without any considerable hazard to the interest of the kingdom. The other party argued "that there is not any safety or security to the liberty of the kingdom and the public interest, if you do retain these at all"; and held that the consideration of the public safety was paramount to any particular obligations to the King and the Lords. For his own part, while he thought there was a certain amount of risk in retaining the King and the Lords, he would yet "strain something in the point of security" for the sake of keeping the faith of the army untarnished. Like Ireton, he hinted that if a policy were adopted which involved the breach of the public engagements of the army, he might feel obliged to lay down his commission.

In the end the council sided with Cromwell and Ireton. Instead of demanding from Parliament the complete abolition of the House of Lords,

a committee was appointed to consider by what constitutional changes its continued existence could be reconciled with the safety of the nation and with the practical supremacy of the representatives of the people. One plan suggested was that the Lords and Commons should sit as one House, in which case the thirty or forty lords qualified to sit would be permanently outvoted and made powerless. Another was to give the House of Lords merely a suspensive veto on the laws presented by the Commons. But the solution finally adopted was much more complicated than either. It was to be declared that the power of the House of Commons extended "to the enacting, altering, and repealing of laws, to the conclusive exposition and declaration of law, and to final judgment without further appeal, and generally to all things concerning the Commonwealth." While the supremacy of the House of Commons was thus to be established, the House of Lords was still to exist, though its legislative and judicial rights were to be reduced to a minimum. For the future, as in the past, laws would be presented to the Lords for their assent. But whether they assented or not, any law enacted by the House of Commons would be binding on all the commons of England. If the House of Lords dissented, all that it could do would be to exempt the persons and estates of its own members from the operation of that law. In similar fashion peers who were officers of justice or ministers of State were to be accountable to the judgment of the House of Commons for any maladministration, but those who held no official position were to retain the right of being judged by their peers.

This elaborate scheme of compromise came to nothing. It was never actually proposed to Parliament. A sudden change in the political situation produced a corresponding alteration in the attitude of the army leaders. Day by day their soldiers were becoming more difficult to con-

trol. The Levellers denounced any compromise in the wildest language, demanding that the House of Lords should be abolished root and branch and the "Man of Blood" brought to justice. Cromwell and Fairfax saw that the necessity of the moment was to restore subordination in the army; they suspended for a time the sittings of the council, suppressed the incipient mutiny, and exacted from every regiment a promise to leave to the determination of Parliament the details of the settlement of the kingdom. Almost at the same moment the flight of Charles from Hampton Court produced a like alteration in the policy of the two Houses. When the King refused the four bills which they offered him as an ultimatum, the Commons voted that no further addresses should be made to him by Parliament, and the Lords, moved mainly by the fear of military force, reluctantly agreed to the resolutions of the Lower House. The army which had engaged to stand by the Commons in settling the nation "without the King and against him," now declared that it held itself "obliged in justice and honour to preserve the peerage of this kingdom, with the just rights belonging to the House of Peers."

The adoption of the policy of the army leaders towards the King was the price paid for the abandonment of the attack on the House of Lords. But when the second civil war broke out the army was dispersed to the four quarters of England, and the Lords reversed the policy which they had been forced to adopt, while the Commons with more hesitation took the same course. On June 30th, 1648, the Lords rescinded the resolution for no further addresses to the King. When the Commons demanded that the King should consent to certain propositions as preliminaries to a negotiation, the Lords urged an immediate and unconditional treaty. When the Lower House declared the Scottish invaders enemies of the king-

dom, and all who should assist them traitors and rebels, the Upper House refused their concurrence. Both Houses, however, after the Royalists had been finally defeated, held banishment a sufficient penalty for the Royalist leaders, and both agreed in pressing forward the treaty with the King despite all the opposition of the army. The expulsion by Pride's Purge of the supporters of the treaty with the King from the House of Commons showed the Lords what they had to expect. Nevertheless, the twelve peers who were present in the House on January 2nd, 1649, unanimously rejected the ordinance for the King's trial, though they were willing to declare that any future sovereign who levied war against the Parliament should be held guilty of high treason. The Commons answered the vote of the Lords by bringing in a new ordinance for the creation of a High Court of Justice, and by three sweeping resolutions. The first asserted "that the people are under God the original of all just power." The second was "that the Commons of England in Parliament assembled, being chosen by and representing the people, have the supreme power in this nation." The last announced "that whatsoever is enacted or declared for law by the Commons in Parliament assembled, hath the force of law, and all the people of this nation are concluded thereby, although the consent or concurrence of the King or House of Peers be not had thereto." Though the legislative authority of the House of Lords was thus publicly set aside, the Commons were for the present too busy to discuss the precise mode of its extinction, and for the next month the Lords continued to meet as usual.

Cromwell had exercised a much less active influence on these proceedings in Parliament and on the previous intervention of the army than is popularly supposed. He was absent in the north during October and November 1648, and therefore took no part in the deliberations at the head-

quarters of the army at St. Albans. While approving generally of the remonstrance which the army had presented to Parliament, he wished that they had delayed their action till the conclusion of the treaty with the King. While accepting a share in the responsibility for Pride's Purge, he had had no hand in its inception or execution, and would apparently have preferred to summon a new House of Commons instead of purging the old one. On the question of the House of Lords also his views differed from those held by the majority of his political allies. Yet even when defending that assembly in the debates of 1647 he had foreseen its probable abolition. Some of the speakers in those debates had argued against the King and the Lords on high and mystical grounds. They were part of that power of Antichrist in the world which God would destroy, and which he was already beginning to overthrow. Cromwell had replied by warning them not to be led away by prophetic speculations. "I do wish them that they will take heed of that which some men are apt to be led away by, that is apprehensions that God will destroy these persons or that power, for that they may mistake in." He was inclined to agree with them himself, and to think that God would do so; "Yet let us not make those things to be our rule, which we cannot clearly know to be the mind of God." Let the opponents of King and Lords say this to themselves: "Though God have a purpose to destroy them, and though I should find a desire to destroy them, yet God can do it without necessitating us to do a thing which is scandalous, or sin, or which would bring a dishonour to His name; and therefore let those that are of that mind wait upon God for such a way when the thing may be done without sin and without scandal too. Surely what God would have us do He does not desire we should step out of the way for it."¹

¹ CLARKE PAPERS, I. 382.

Now the time had come when it seemed possible to abolish the House of Lords without sin and without scandal. For the army, with some show of reason, held that their engagements to preserve that assembly had been cancelled by its conduct in 1648, and by its abandonment of the policy set forth in the vote for no further addresses to the King. Yet Cromwell was still reluctant to consent to the entire abolition of the House of Lords, and, as in 1647, would have preferred some compromise providing for its continued existence with restricted or nominal powers. On February 6th, 1649, the long adjourned debate on the Lords at last took place. "Lieutenant-General Cromwell," writes Ludlow, "appeared for them, having already had a close correspondence with many of them; and, it may be, presuming he might have farther use of in those designs he had resolved to carry on." A section of the House of Commons agreed with Cromwell in wishing to retain the Upper House as a purely consultative body. A motion was brought forward "that this House shall take the advice of the House of Lords in the exercise of the legislative power, in pursuance of the votes of this House of the 4th of January last." But the motion was rejected by forty-four to twenty-nine votes, and it was then resolved without a division "that the House of Peers in Parliament is useless and dangerous and ought to be abolished."

It is unlikely that the personal motives which Ludlow attributes to Cromwell were the real cause of his desire for the retention of a House of Lords. It is more probable that just as he avowedly believed that "a settlement of somewhat with monarchical power in it" would be best for England, so he thought that a Parliament with some kind of a Second Chamber was better than one consisting of a single House. What had been originally, if not quite "a pious opinion," yet certainly a tenet of minor importance in his political creed,

became under the pressure of events a fixed conviction that since a second House did not exist it was necessary to invent one.

In December 1653, after the suicide of the Barebones Parliament, the council of officers once more undertook to make a Constitution for England. The nature of the new constitution, the position assigned to the Protector in it, and his relations with the two Parliaments summoned under it, were the causes of the attempt to create a Second Chamber. The quarrel between the army and the Parliament in 1647, followed by the breach between the two powers which ended in the rupture of 1653, had produced in the minds of the officers a deep distrust of omnipotent Parliaments. They had learned, as they said in one of their declarations in 1647, "that Parliament privileges as well as Royal prerogative may be perverted and abused to the destruction of those greater ends for whose protection and preservation they were intended, viz., the rights and liberties of the people." A House of Commons of unlimited powers, always in session, not content with its proper business of legislating but taking upon itself by its committees to supersede the ordinary courts of law, uniting in itself the legislative, judicial, and executive powers, seemed to Cromwell and his officers "the horriddest arbitrariness that ever was exercised in the world." Under such a government, however, England had lived from 1649 to 1653. "This was the case of the people of England at that time," said Cromwell, "the Parliament assuming to itself the authority of the three estates that were before. It had so assumed that authority: and if any man had come and said, 'What rules do you judge by?' why, we have none. We are supreme in legislature and judicature."

The officers who drew up the "Instrument of Government" were determined to prevent future Parliaments from exercising the like arbitrary

authority, and by proviso after proviso they restricted and diminished the powers to be entrusted to the elected of the people. The legislative and the executive powers were carefully separated, the duration of Parliaments limited, and a fixed revenue assigned to the government independent of parliamentary control. But the greatest restriction of the powers of Parliament was in the existence of a written constitution at all. The indenture by which members were to be returned expressly stated "that the persons elected shall not have power to alter the government as it is hereby settled in one single person and a Parliament." The article which defined the Protector's part in legislation gave him the power to veto any bills which infringed the provisions of the Instrument of Government. It was necessary, explained an official pamphleteer, "some power should pass a decree upon the wavering humours of the people, and say to this nation, as the Almighty himself said once to the unruly sea, 'Here shall be thy bounds, hitherto shalt thou come and no further.'"

The Protector's first Parliament, which met in September 1654, refused to accept the bounds placed on its power. It was not content to be merely a legislative body, but endeavoured to turn itself into a constituent assembly. It sought to throw the new Constitution into the melting-pot, and to recast it according to its own views. After a week of futile discussions, Cromwell imposed on the members a promise not to propose any alteration in the government as settled in a single person and a Parliament. He drew a distinction between the "circumstantials" and the "fundamentals" of the Constitution. The former they might alter, and he would not have been averse to any alteration of the good of which they could have convinced him. The latter he could not permit them to touch. "There are many circumstantial things which are not like the laws of the Medes

and Persians. But the things which shall be necessary to deliver over to posterity, these should be unalterable. Else every succeeding Parliament will be disputing to alter the government; and we shall be as often brought into confusion as we have Parliaments, and so make our remedy our disease." Behind the Protector, still more determined to maintain the Constitution they had drawn up, and less willing than he was to make any reasonable compromise with the Parliamentarians, were the officers of the army. But the spirit of the Parliament was too high to be daunted by Cromwell's warnings. The tradition of parliamentary omnipotence was too strong in its members for them to resign themselves to playing the subordinate part allotted to them by the Instrument of Government. Under colour of revising circumstantialia, they proceeded seriously to alter the fundamental provisions of the Constitution, and to postpone all other business to that one object. Cromwell angrily dissolved them at the first moment permitted by the terms of the Instrument.

When the second Parliament met, in September 1656, the simple expedient of refusing admission to the House to all those members who had not obtained a certificate of approval from the Protector's council prevented any direct attack upon the Constitution. With some hundred of the most ardent supporters of the theory of parliamentary omnipotence excluded, there seemed to be a prospect of the final acceptance of the Instrument as the foundation of the English republic. In one point however both Parliaments agreed. Each of them was less tolerant than the authors of the Instrument of Government. Each of them sought to limit the amount of liberty of conscience which the Instrument had guaranteed. The first Parliament, after consulting a committee of divines, and debating for six days the fundamental principles which every one who claimed to

be tolerated should be required to believe, had come to the conclusion that the Protector ought to have no veto on any bills for punishing heretics and blasphemers. The second Parliament spent many weeks in discussing the blasphemies of James Naylor, and whether they should sentence him to death by a bill of attainder or proceed against him by their judicial power. Old precedents were quoted in which the Commons had acted judicially, and it was urged that the judicial powers of the House of Lords had since its abolition devolved upon the sole remaining House. "I take it," said Sir William Strickland, "we have all the power that was in the House of Lords now in this Parliament." After they had voted that Naylor should be pilloried, whipped, be bored in the tongue, be branded in the forehead, and be imprisoned, the Protector felt bound to interfere. "We being entrusted in the present government on behalf of the people of these nations, and not knowing how far such proceeding entered into wholly without us may extend in the consequence of it, do desire that the House will let us know the grounds and reasons whereupon they have proceeded." The demand was backed up by a large party in the House itself. "It is not without good reason," said Major-General Lambert, "that his Highness should be satisfied in the grounds . . . He is under an oath to protect the people, both in freedom of their consciences and persons and liberties." "My Lord Protector," added Colonel Sydenham, "is under an oath to maintain the laws, and all the articles of the Instrument of Government. Is not he then to look so far to the good and safety of the people as to see that no man be sentenced but by those laws, not without or against them? What an intrenchment and encroachment may be upon the people's safety, if we judge of things here by a positive power, without a law formally made!"

The House refused to recede from

the position it had taken up, and Cromwell was obliged to let the matter drop in order to avoid a breach with his Parliament. But no incident had more effect in convincing him of the necessity of a Second Chamber. "Here," said a member, summing up the dispute about Naylor's case, "here is your power asserted on the one hand; the supreme magistrate, on the other hand, desiring an account of your judgment. Where shall there be *tertius arbiter*? It is a hard case. No judge upon earth." It was evidently necessary that there should be some power established to judge between the Protector and the Parliament when they differed as to the interpretation of the Constitution, and to support the Protector in defending against the encroachments of the legislative authority the rights guaranteed to all Englishmen by its clauses. Such was the view which Cromwell expressed to a deputation of a hundred officers who came to him in February, 1657 to protest against the proposed revival of the monarchy and the House of Lords. "By its proceedings of this Parliament, you see they stand in need of a check, or balancing power,¹ for the case of James Naylor might happen to be your own case. By their judicial power they fall upon life and member, and doth the Instrument enable me to control it?"

While the Protector was thus becoming convinced that it was necessary to establish a Second Chamber, a great majority of the Parliament were rapidly coming to the conclusion that it would be best to re-establish the old form of government by King, Lords, and Commons. To begin with, such a solution offered the only hope of deliverance from direct or indirect military rule. It promised a more permanent settlement than any paper Constitution could guarantee. If Cromwell were to take the crown,

urged the lawyers, the lives and estates of his adherents would be secured, by their obedience to a *de facto* king, from the penalties of high treason.

"If his Highness," argued Mr. Ashe, member for Somersetshire, "would be pleased to take upon him the government according to the ancient constitution, the hopes of our enemies' plots would be at an end. Both our liberties and peace, and the preservation and privilege of his Highness, would be founded upon an old and sure foundation." A month later the project for restoring a monarchy and a House of Lords took shape in "the humble address and remonstrance" which Sir Christopher Pack presented to Parliament. The question whether the title of king should be given to the chief magistrate was for a time postponed, but on March 5th it was determined, apparently without a division, that future Parliaments should consist of two Houses. On the 11th it was decided that the "other House should consist of not more than seventy members to be nominated by the Protector and approved by the Parliament," while on the 17th the limits of its judicial power were carefully defined. The Speaker, when he presented to the Protector the new constitutional scheme referred to the article concerning the other House as a new thing. "I may call this," he said, "a self-denying request, a modest condescension to admit others into so great a trust as that of the legislative (a very jealous point), therefore the desire of the Parliament may not be deemed unreasonable, to have the approbation of those persons thus intromitted, that they may know whom they trust. And the other may seem as just, that bounds be set to their judicial proceedings. . . . Their judicial power is limited and circumscribed, and it is necessary to be so; for it is natural to all men to be lovers and promoters of the latitude of their own jurisdiction."

¹ The writer of the letter reporting this speech adds the explanation, "meaning the House of Lords or a House so constituted."—Burton's *DIARY*, I. 384.

The records of the debates about the composition and powers of the other House are imperfect, but there appears to have been no serious division of opinion. On two points in the amendments and explanations subsequently added to supplement the "Petition and Advice" some discussion took place. On April 24th it was voted that the nomination of persons to supply the place of such members of the other House as should die or be removed should be by the chief magistrate. Godfrey, the member for Kent, spoke against the resolution. "Though you give the nomination to the now chief magistrate, out of the present confidence you have of the single person, it does not follow that the single person should name them still. . . . This will be the way to set up another House quite contrary to the interest of the House of Commons. You intend them as a balance, a medium between the House and the single person. Otherwise,¹ of necessity, they must adhere to the interest of the single person, and so cease to be that balance and medium that they were intended for." But Godfrey's objection met with no support.

There was more opposition on the 24th of June when the question was raised whether the Lord Protector was to issue summonses to the members of the other House, empowering them to meet and act, or whether their names should be first approved by the Commons. The majority were for leaving the choice entirely in the Protector's hands. One argument was that the new lords would not like to have their suitability for the position freely discussed by the Commons, and might consequently be reluctant to accept their call. "Some persons," said one member, "will scruple to have their names scanned over here." "Men," picturesquely observed an-

other, "will be tossed up and down here, and their lives ripped up." The real reason for this consideration of the feelings of possible members of the other House seems to have been the hope that the old lords who had adhered to the Parliament's cause during the Civil War would consent to take their seats in the new House, and the fear lest the necessity of being approved by the Commons should deter them from accepting. "The argument," said blunt old Colonel Sydenham, "is against tumbling men up and down. I would have such a tumbling; and I thought you would have had such persons as would. . . . abide tumbling and a trial. If you mean the old lords, you had as good, indeed, rake in a kennel as tumble some of them up and down. If such a foundation be laid as that the old lords shall be admitted upon the account of birthright or privileges, I shall very much fear a returning to another line."

It was also plainly stated that it would be best to leave the choice entirely to the Protector because too many members of the Commons would like to be lords themselves. "If his Highness," urged Major-General Desborough, "should send you a list of names, and they be before you, and some think that they ought to be named that are left out, they will stir up obstructions in the approbation of others." In the end, by ninety to forty-one votes, the House decided not to insist on the right of approving the names of the persons called to the other House.

Finally, on June 26th, the Additional Petition and Advice became law; and as the original Petition and Advice had received the Protector's assent on May 25th, the scheme for the restoration of a Second Chamber was now complete, and nothing remained to be done but to select its members.

C. H. FIRTH.

¹ "Otherwise," i.e., if you give the nomination entirely to the chief magistrate and do not reserve any part in it to the Lower House.